AUGUST 8, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
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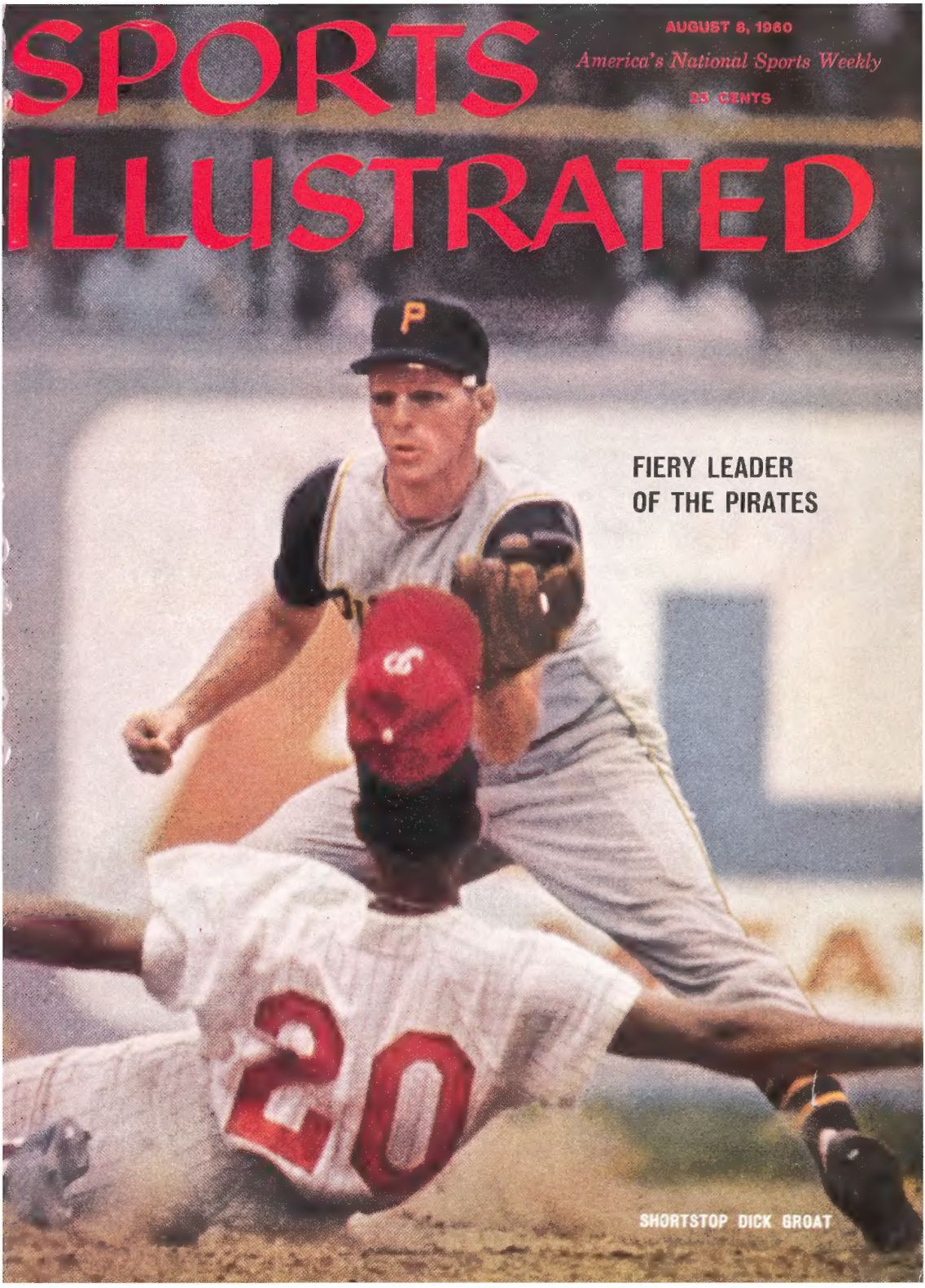
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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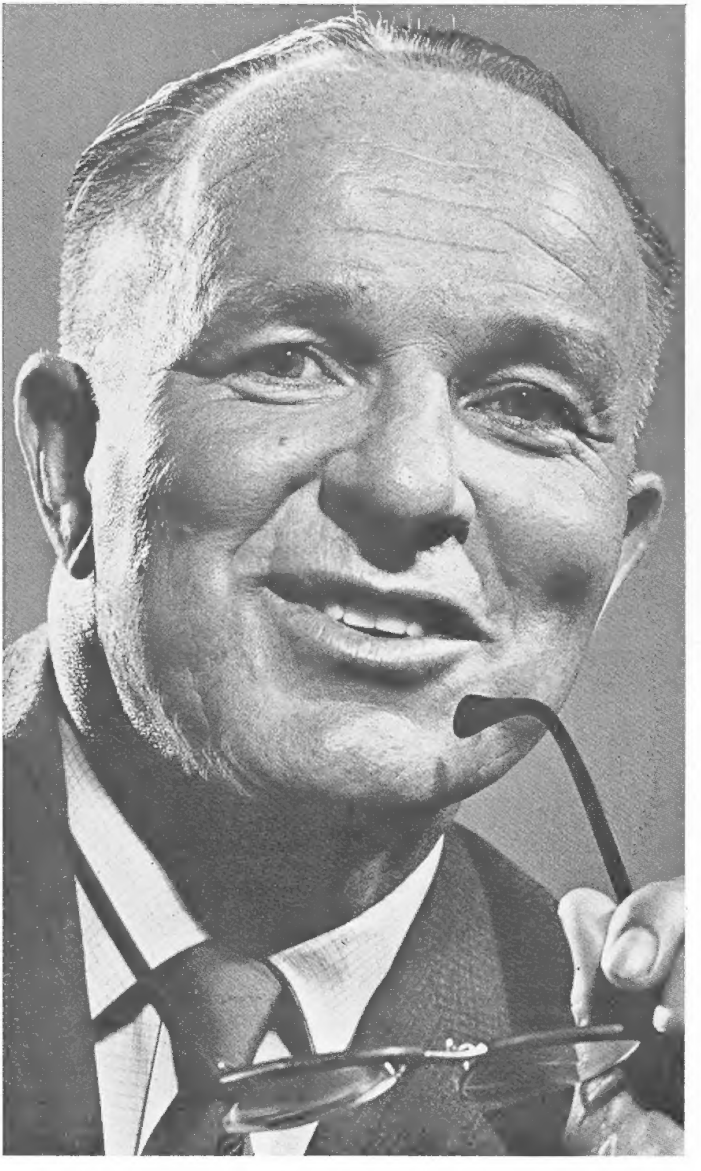

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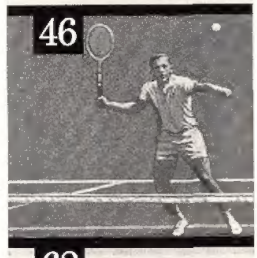

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Next week

In Rome on August 25, with the world watching as never before, begin those ultimate tests of sport, the 1960 Olympics. For readers who will follow the Games at home, and for those traveling to Rome, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents next week a special Olympic issue—with form charts on what to expect in each of the 150 events, a 16-page picture portfolio of outstanding athletes and a major article by Author-Diplomat Charles Thayer on the big issue that haunts the Games—amateurism vs. professionalism.

Cover painting by Daniel Schwartz

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MEMO *from the publisher*

EVERY Olympiad has its own special atmosphere, and this derives, at least in part, from its locale. The first modern Olympic Games, in 1896, took their aura from their setting in Athens—capital of Greece and an outsized javelin throw from Olympia, where the ancient Games were held. Since then, the Olympic Games have affected and been affected by many environments: cosmopolitan Paris (1900, 1924), circusy St. Louis (1904), foggy London (1908, 1948), northerly Stockholm (1912) and Helsinki (1952), sunny Los Angeles (1932) and the boot-ringing climate of Hitler's Berlin in 1936.

ROBERT CREAMER

This year the Games return once more to a classical atmosphere, as the Eternal City of Rome opens its venerable arms to the athletes of the world (and streams of Olympics-bound tourists). Seemingly, all roads *do* lead to Rome, for this summer more nations than ever before—upward of 85, including several of the newly formed African republics—are sending teams to the Rome Games.

For 18 golden days, the glory that was Greece will be married to the grandeur of Rome, and this classic fusion should produce a spectacle seldom witnessed in Olympic history.

Because the site of an Olympiad plays a significant part in the overall picture of the Games, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has devoted many pages over past months to the city of Rome itself, starting with Dmitri Kessel's photographic portfolio of Rome at night, *The Nocturnal City*, in our year-end issue.

Next week, our pre-Olympics preparation climaxes in the Olympic Preview Issue, with form charts on the pre-Games favorites in all events, a color photography gallery of Olympic competitors from all around the world and an explosive assessment of the tangled issues of amateurism and professionalism as they confront each other today.

On August 25 the torch, having been borne up the Appian Way, will enter the Olympic Stadium at 5:40 p.m. to signal the beginning of the Games. From then through to the closing ceremony on September 11, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's own Olympic reporting team headed by Bob Creamer and accompanied by Tex Maule, Martin Kane, Ken Rudeen and Arlie Schardt will be on the spot to bring you the story.

P.S. Speaking of the Olympics, you may recall my MEMO of July 18 in which I said that we would send one of our Olympic Wheels to anyone who would send us a dollar for the Olympic Fund. At this writing, 1,295 readers have requested 1,743 Wheels and sent in a total of $1,944.97. That's a lot of track shoes.

Rodney G. James

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COMING EVENTS

August 5 to August 11
All times are E.D.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, August 5

HARNESS RACING
General George Washington trot, $20,000, Wilmington, Del.
HORSE SHOW
My Lady's Manor Horse and Pony Show, Monkton, Md. (also Aug. 6).
RODEO
◉ California All-Star Rodeo, $82,000, 8:30 p.m. (CBS).
TENNIS
Prentice Cup, Oxford-Cambridge vs. Yale-Harvard, Rumson, N.J. (through Aug. 7).
TRACK & FIELD
U.S. Olympic intrasquad meet, Long Beach, Calif.

Saturday, August 6

BASEBALL
◉ Baltimore at Cleveland (CBS).*
◉ New York at Kansas City (ABC).*
◉ San Francisco at Pittsburgh (NBC-TV, Mutual-radio).*
BASKETBALL
U.S. Olympic team vs. Cleveland Pipers, Canton, Ohio.
HORSE RACING
Laurance Armour Memorial, $50,000 added, Washington Park at Arlington Park, Ill.
◉ The Sapling, $100,000, Monmouth Park, N.J. (NBC).*
The Whitney, $50,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.
MOTOR SPORTS
SCCA Natl. races, Montgomery, N.Y. (also Aug. 7).
SOCCER
Intl. Soccer League American Cup final, New York.
TENNIS
Davis Cup second round, Mexico vs. U.S., Mexico City (through Aug. 8).

Sunday, August 7

BASEBALL
◉ Chicago at Milwaukee (NBC).*
◉ Washington at Chicago (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio).*
BOATING
Seafair Trophy, unlimited hydros, Seattle.
MOTOR SPORTS
NASCAR Grand National division, $15,000, Nashville.

Monday, August 8

CHESS
U.S. Open Champs., St. Louis (through Aug. 19).
GOLF
Long Island Charity Pro-Amateur, $20,000, Huntington, N.Y.
TENNIS
Eastern Grass Court Champs., South Orange, N.J. (through Aug. 14).

Tuesday, August 9

TENNIS
Delaware Girls Grass Court Champs., Wilmington, Del. (through Aug. 14).

Wednesday, August 10

BASEBALL
■ New York at Chicago (Mutual).*
BASKETBALL
U.S. Olympic team vs. Cleveland Pipers, Morgantown, W.Va.
BOXING
◉ Perkins vs. Lopes, lights, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).
HORSE RACING
The Bernard Baruch, $25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

Thursday, August 11

BASEBALL
■ Baltimore at Detroit (Mutual).*
GOLF
Americas Cup Match, Ottawa (also Aug. 12).
HORSE RACING
North American Steeplechase, $10,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.
WATER SKIING
Natl. Champs., Minneapolis (through Aug. 14).

* See local listing

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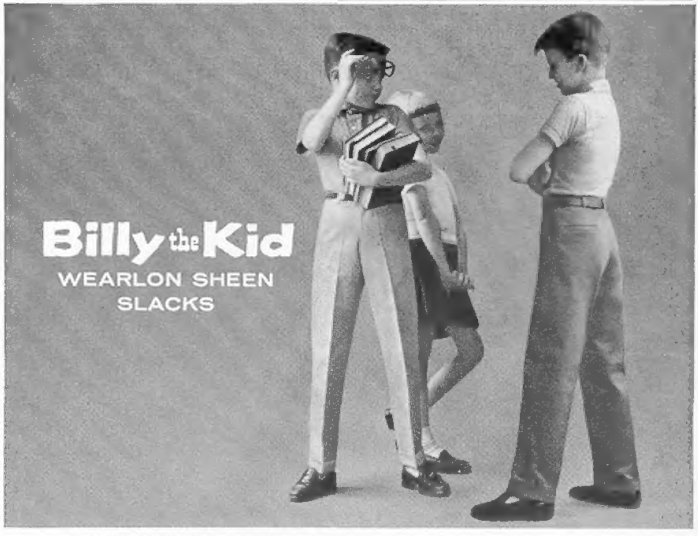

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE TEAM THAT ISN'T THERE

Caught subsidizing football players last year, Indiana U. was put on trial by the Big Ten for doing more or less openly what almost everybody else was doing clandestinely. This week Indiana was found guilty by its peers, and a three-part sentence was imposed. First, the university was placed on one-year probation. Second, it was ordered to forfeit its share of conference TV revenues (about $75,000). Third, in accordance with football bureaucracy's unwritten law, "If you can't keep it clean keep it quiet," Indiana was told that for 1960–61 its games as well as its recruiting had better be clandestine. The Hoosiers may play out their schedule, but win, lose or tie, the results will not be listed (or counted) in conference standings.

ONE MAN'S MANNA

To the sponsors of the lawn fete at St. Philomena's Roman Catholic Church in Franklinville, N.Y. the slowly descending parachutists were like manna from heaven. They were part of a show that helped swell attendance to almost 4,000. To the fans at the Franklinville-Salamanca baseball game the selfsame parachutists were like rain from the sky. They forced the umpires to call time on three separate occasions.

'COME ON-A MY HOUSE' . . .

John Buckley is a man who knows a good thing—and hangs onto it. Buckley is manager of Paul Pender, holder of $^2/_{50}$ of the U.S. (and world) middleweight championship. The good thing for Buckley and Pender is fighting in Boston, the old home town. Buckley's boys seldom lose in Boston. They seldom win anywhere else.

A logical fight, of course, would be between Pender, titleholder in New York and Massachusetts, and Gene Fullmer, champion of the rest of the world. But Buckley will have no part of it. "We ain't going to fight Fullmer in Utah, where he's the home-town boy and would have everything going for him," he says.

What about Terry Downes, the British Empire champion who wants a title match in London? "They offered us $85,000 for a fight with Downes," Buckley observes, "but we'd get robbed there, too."

Finally, French Middleweight Marcel Pigou wants to meet Pender in Paris. "I don't know French, but I know the French," says Buckley. "Nine times I had fighters in Paris. Nine times we get guillotined."

Buckley has a simple solution to the problem. He says, "We'll fight anybody—in Boston."

BAREFOOT HOGAN

Tommy Bolt, the Vesuvius of golf, has been quiescent since his eruption at the National Open last month, but the lava flow continues.

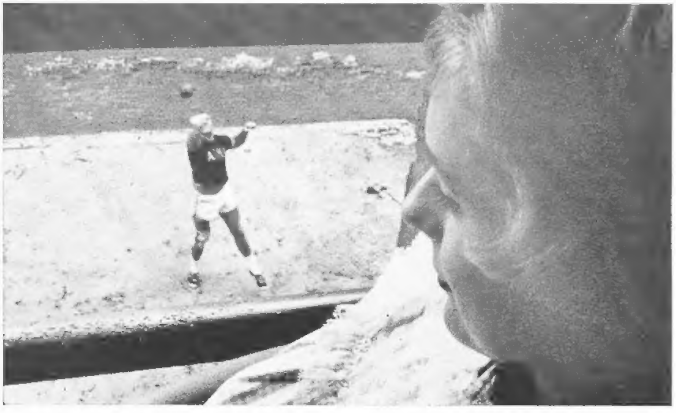
"Tommy," a fellow pro needled the other day, "is it true you were only trying to hit a catfish when you threw your club in that lake?"

"Doggone right," drawled Bolt, "and I got fined $100 for it. So what happens? I quit the tournament and I'm watching the last round on television. There's that little fellow, Hogan, bold as brass, taking off his shoes and socks and wading in that lake. Claimed his ball was in there, but I know he was just trying to gig one of them fish with his toes."

A STUNNER IN LENINGRAD

A familiar argument has it that to beat the Russians we must adopt some Russian methods ourselves. The stunning victory of the American college chess team in Leningrad last week may modify that argument. No sport has ever been as state-sponsored as chess in Russia, or as little supported as chess in American colleges—yet the American triumph was clear-cut and decisive. In the 18-day meet, officially known as the World Students' Championship, the four Americans beat teams from East Germany, Sweden, Finland, Mongolia, Hungary, England and six other countries. Except for one loss to Yugoslavia, they swept the tournament—and whipped the four best college players in the Soviet Union 2½ to 1½.

The Russians accepted the U.S. upset gracefully enough, but in the



FOR LOVE OF THE LADY IN THE WINDOW

Romeo wooed Juliet with pretty speeches, Don Juan strummed a dulcet guitar. Last week Bill Nieder, a world-record shotputter who is every inch a man's man, redefined the serenade in terms appropriate to an Olympic year. While his lady fair, Barbara Huffman, convalesced from an appendectomy in a New York hospital, Nieder stood beneath her window and, to fill her lonesome hours, furnished a daily demonstration of his proficiency in chucking a cannon ball.

Soviet press it was noted—with some irritation and perplexity—that the subsidized young masters weren't very masterful this year.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

"Palooza, a handsome, virile young bachelor porpoise, pride of the Miami Seaquarium," will shortly wed "Lalla, a lovelorn lady porpoise who lives in a canal in Cesenatico, Italy." So says a press release issued last week by the Seaquarium. It adds that Palooza will be flown to New York while resting on a rubber mattress, that he will not mind because he breathes through a hole in his head and that he will be transported to Italy in a rubber pool on the deck of an ocean liner. The release concludes by thanking Christopher Coates, director of the New York Aquarium, for his help "in consummating the romance."

Intrigued by this porpoise-full plot, we called on Coates to ask the nature of his assistance. "We're going to provide Palooza's transportation from the airport to the boat," he said, "and we're going to provide good water for the pool. A porpoise can't live in fresh water, and the harbor water is too soiled, so we're supplying 800 gallons from our own tanks."

What are the chances of Lalla and Palooza having a happy marriage? "There's no way of insuring that porpoises will successfully mate in captivity," Coates said. "It's anybody's guess. But they have done it. You know," he said dreamily, "*we* had a couple of porpoises years ago that were so affectionate we had to take them out of the tank."

GOODBY, VERO, GOODBY

California and Florida share oranges, sunshine, a mutual antipathy and the Los Angeles Dodgers, all in unequal amounts. Now it appears possible that Florida will lose the Dodgers altogether. By order of the Federal Aviation Agency, the Vero Beach city council must renegotiate the lease for the Dodger spring training camp at the Vero Beach airport.

The team, when still the Brooklyn Dodgers, began its vernal romance with Vero Beach in 1948. It was a cushy deal: the rent for 100-odd acres of the airport grounds was $1 a year plus the gate receipts from one exhibition game. In 1952 Vero Beach extended the lease for 21 years on the same splendid terms, having meanwhile made things even nicer for the tenant by supplying field lighting and bed linens. Indeed, between 1948 and 1953, a U.S. government audit shows, the town spent $18,000 on the Dodgers, and the Dodgers spent $1,700 on the town. (The Dodgers say they, too, made "costly improvements" on the property, and that they built a stadium and donated it to the city.)

At any rate, the FAA, under whose jurisdiction U.S. airports fall, considers Vero Beach's lease with the Dodgers and 41 other tenants "unbusinesslike." And it has said the airport, leased to the city, will revert to federal operation if changes are not made. Consequently, a crestfallen city council has had to ask the Dodgers for a more businesslike arrangement (like money).

The Southern California Committee for Major League Baseball, jealous of even a six-week defection, is now pressuring the team to spend its springtime at home. An association of five desert communities, the SCCMLB, promises the Dodgers all the dollar advantages they used to enjoy in Florida, plus that "invaluable intangible of California climate."

Any climate that costs $1 a year is likely to appeal to Walter O'Malley.

BONGO, BONGO, BONGO . . .

George B. Schaller, the young research scientist who was received in amiable fashion by wild gorillas (SI, June 20), has been chased out of the Congo by members of his own species. Schaller last week advised the New York Zoological Society, cosponsor of the gorilla studies, that he moved his pretty wife Kay to Uganda at the beginning of the Congo troubles. He then returned to the Virunga Volcano area for his notes and his household effects—and to bid farewell to his gorilla friends. There was nothing amiable about the Congolese by this time. On the way out, Schaller ran a police blockade in his speeding truck, placated a mob with gifts of cigarettes, blew a tire and finally crossed the border on the rim just ahead of a pursuing horde of natives. In Uganda, Schaller will continue his gorilla studies with animals that have had closer contact with man than those in the Congo. On balance, it would seem likely that they will be less friendly.

FACES IN THE CROWD

PENNY BAKER, 18, of Austin, Texas, participating in men's jumping event at Austin's Lone Star water skiing championships, broke men's national jumping record with 150-foot leap, surpassed the mark of 142 feet set by Mike Osborn of Cypress Gardens, Fla.

TOMMY AARON of Gainesville, Ga. bettered Columbus (Ga.) Country Club course record by three strokes when he shot 10-under-par 62 in third round of state amateur tournament, posted four-round 271 total to finish nine strokes ahead of the field.

NANCY LEWINGTON, Hamilton, Ont. schoolteacher whose mother won a gold medal for Canada in 1934 British Empire Games, set Canadian record at Saskatoon, Sask. by sprinting the women's 100 meters in 11.8, earned spot on Canadian Olympic team.

JAMES DUGGAN of Charleston, W. Va. set a new International Game Fish Association all-tackle record when he hooked a 74-pound 4-ounce cod near Boothbay Harbor, Me., erased 72-pound all-tackle record for cod established by E.E. Belek in 1958.

JUDY TORLUEMKE of St. Louis, at 15 the youngest competitor in Women's Open Golf at Worcester, Mass., took lessons between rounds from oldest competitor, Fay Crocker, finished with 85-81-80-80 score and 326 total, earned the low-amateur medal.

PAPSIE GEORGIAN, 14, of Lafayette, Calif. took solo title in Women's National AAU Synchronized Swimming tournament at Hartford, Conn. when she amassed 115.890 points, finished five points ahead of nearest rival, Louella Sommers of San Francisco.

EDITORIALS

A FREE RIDE FOR THE FEW

Once again the televised double-header with which organized politics seeks quadrennially to steal the scene from organized sport is over, and once again we feel confident that our franchise is in no danger. If politics ever replaces baseball, however, we hope the pols will be fair-minded enough to make plenty of complimentary seats available for the nation's athletes.

Year after year the victorious politicians of both parties have been filing into the U.S. ball parks and race tracks on free passes or reduced-rate tickets. There is nothing wrong with this practice in the rare cases where it is a genuine reward for years of faithful public service, but too often it is nothing of the kind.

Witness litigation currently on the calendar in the courts of Wisconsin, which involves the issuance of free passes and reduced-rate season tickets by the management of the Braves to local politicians. The details are unimportant and reflect no discredit to the Braves. What is important is Braves' Ticket Manager William Eberly's reply when he was asked the point of this special courtesy. "I don't know," he said. "All I know is that it was the practice when I came here, and it is a privilege extended to politicians by ball clubs in most other cities." A local alderman's answer to the same question was that politicians "enhance the game by their presence."

Since the first cop helped himself to the first apple off the first pushcart this side of Eden, petty potentates have been taking advantage of their potential as troublemakers. It certainly is easier for an enterprise as public as a ball club to flatter a politician than to risk a tax assessment or nuisance judgment at some inconvenient time. Even if no such threat is stated or implied, a shakedown is a shakedown. While the high-sounding sentiments of convention oratory still hang in the air, the politicians would do well to remind themselves as their campaigning starts that the prize they are—or should be—seeking is the opportunity to serve others, not the opportunity to help themselves.

A good ball game, gentlemen, is well worth the price.

A GAME FOR THE MANY

A woman golfer wrote this magazine last week suggesting that the game she loved the best might be improved by easing the rules a little. "A change to eight-inch cups," she said, "as urged by the Duke of Windsor and Gene Sarazen long ago, would be a tremendous boon. Little benefit," she went on, "is derived from the hours of putting practice necessary for a low score with the present cups."

While awaiting an answer, her letter went into a file with reports of a speech made recently by Richard Tufts, a former president of the U.S. Golf Association. Tufts said flatly: "Golf is getting soft. The game's standards are being lowered, and subtly, bit by bit, golf is losing character. Those unable to meet the challenge of the game seem to find a vicarious pleasure in destroying it."

We admire Mr. Tufts' rigorous and exacting point of view, but we doubt if his affection for the game is any greater than that of our letter writer, Mrs. Agnes Thompson. What both Mr. Tufts and Mrs. Thompson are really saying, as we see it, is that the game of golf (a pastime once dismissed by James Boswell as a poor substitute for cricket) has engaged the almost fanatic affection of a spectrum of sportsmen as wide as the difference between the grim Scotsman playing a determined round in the icy rain at St. Andrews and the paunchy millionaire taking his ease in a plush golf cart under the sun at Palm Springs.

During the last 10 years, this universality of appeal has won the game more than a million new and dedicated addicts in the U.S. alone. Without suffering from the vapidity which the term implies, the game of golf can be almost literally all things to all men (and women). As such, and with apologies to Mr. Tufts and Mrs. Thompson, we think it's doing pretty well just as it is.

Move over, Dobbin.

Make way for the 50 horsepower, 4-speed Simca—the Percheron of economy imports. This is the car that puts in a full day's work on very little fuel and absolutely no pampering. It holds 14 world endurance records, set by travelling 62,137 miles in 887 consecutive hours—stopping only for oil, gas, and to change drivers. Short-haul power? Simca has been known to pull a bus from a standing start. So don't be fooled by its race horse elegance. Underneath its good looks, Simca is all muscle.

FACTS Safety engineered UniGard body, oversize brakes. Front mounted 50 hp engine (uses regular gas), four speed transmission, steering column shift, 12 volt ignition. 8 cubic foot trunk STANDARD EQUIPMENT Turn signals Windshield washers and electric wipers. Interior light. Automatic choke. Deluxe interiors, foam rubber seats. SERVICE AND PARTS: Through Chrysler and MoPar. DEALERS: Throughout the United States and Canada. Find out today how easy Simca is to own, how economical to operate. Low down payment, easy terms. Overseas delivery, too.

SIMCA

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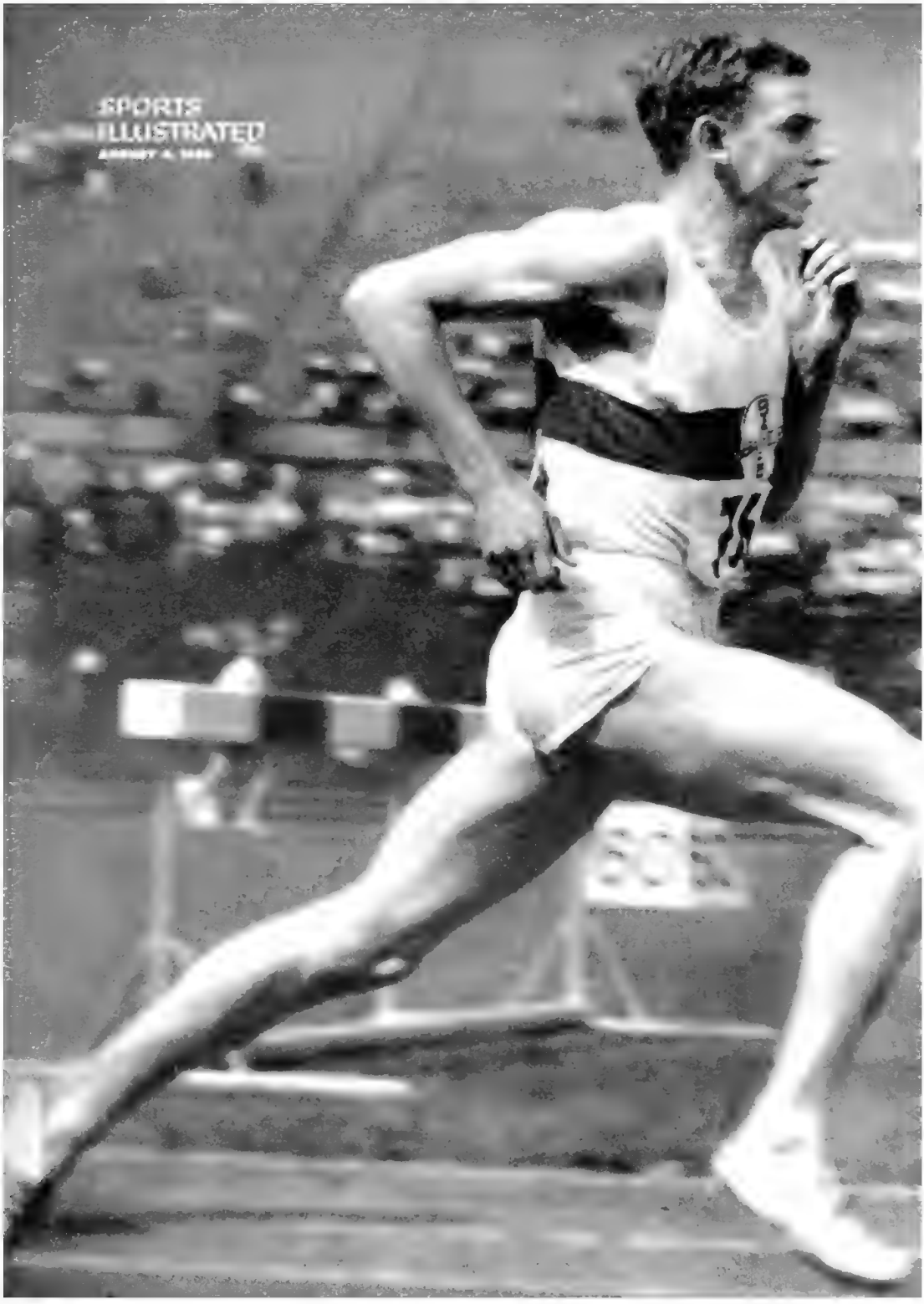
SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

DETERMINED GERMAN MARTIN LAUER, HIS INJURED FOOT FULLY MENDED, SHOWS HURDLE FORM THAT BROUGHT A WORLD RECORD

EUROPE GETS GOING

After a pre-Olympic tour, Tex Maule presents a firsthand report on the European trackmen who want—and may win—gold medals

by TEX MAULE

As a tall, thin Finn named Pentti Karvonen cleared the final hurdle in the 3,000-meter steeplechase last week, the 45,000 people in Helsinki Olympic Stadium sent him home with the long, thunderous, faintly savage "aaaahhhh" which serves them as a cheer. It is a chilling sound, but it reflects the nature of the Finns and their abiding enthusiasm for track and field and it seemed to lift Karvonen almost bodily across the finish line. His time was 8:48.4, faster than any U.S. athlete has run this year, and it is only an indication of what Karvonen, and a stream of European runners, can do.

Indeed, as the European track season moves toward its climax the wondrous performances of the U.S. athletes in the Olympic trials at Palo Alto may be surpassed time and again. The Scandinavians are only now beginning serious training and in the rest of Europe runners are not yet really fit, but their early performances indicate trouble ahead in nearly every event. No one nation, of course, will challenge the U.S. for the track and field team championship.

The two-day duel meet between Finland and Sweden is an annual affair which sometimes leads to bloodshed. That it did not this time is probably due as much as anything to the fact that the Finns won comfortably and enjoyed the whole show

continued

SMOOTH GERMAN Armin Hary set world 100-meter mark with jack-rabbit start.

HUNGARY'S ROZSAVOLGYI HAS BEST 1,500

FINNISH STEEPLECHASER KARVONEN CLIMBS FINAL BARRIER ON WAY TO HELSINKI WIN

EUROPEAN TRACK *continued*

hugely. The stadium, built for the 1952 Olympics, was full both days and the knowledgeable spectators seemed to appreciate everything. They chased home the last-place finishers in the 10,000 meters with the same long, noisy "aaaahhhhs" that had spurred on Karvonen.

His performance was the best of a number of good ones at Helsinki and at an international meet held the day before in Oslo. It was also the most dramatic. Less than a year ago Karvonen, a 24-year-old goldsmith who had run the steeplechase in 8:45 and was expected to run it much faster, underwent a serious stomach operation. Nobody but Karvonen and his trainer thought he would ever run again. The fact that he did, and well, reflects the special Finnish quality of *sisu*, a word which means a combination of guts, foolhardiness and stubbornness. Karvonen, and for that matter all Finns, are imbued with *sisu* to spare.

Their officials are imbued with something else—maybe sense—which American track officials might borrow with profit. Before each race they walk onto the infield in columns of two and march right off when their duties are done. This is a pleasant contrast to the U.S. infields, which are a gaggle of officials, each bustling around to find somebody to chase off.

At Oslo, Belgium's Roger Moens, the world record holder in the half mile, provided the week's other excellent race, running the 800 meters in 1:46.9. Moens was almost alone for the second quarter and won by some 30 yards. A moody, temperamental runner who has an unbeatable finish in a fast race, he is the almost unanimous choice of European track experts to win the 800 meters at Rome.

Another winner in the Oslo meet was Laszlo Tabori, and this should lend encouragement to the U.S.'s Dyrol Burleson, who has beaten Laszlo easily. The expatriate Hungarian who trains at the Santa Clara Youth Village under Mihaly Igloi won a hairline victory in the 1,500 meters in 3:43.8. He ran the meticulously planned, carefully paced race that one has grown to expect of Igloi-trained runners and held on down the stretch to break the tape ahead of Norwegian Arne Hamarsland and the newest European mile sensation, Rumanian Zoltan Vamos. Vamos has a whistling fast kick, which he begins

GERMANY'S KAUFMANN LEANS ON INDIA'S SINGH AFTER WINNING 400 AT MUNICH

some 300 meters from the finish, but it failed him at Oslo. Vamos defeated one of the best German milers, Hans Grodotzki, rather handily at Prague in June; if this race against Tabori at Oslo accurately represents the relative merits of Burleson and the European milers, then Burleson has a chance at Rome.

Slow and unpopular

Dan Waern, the excellent Swedish middle-distance runner, won both the 1,500 meters and the 800 meters at Helsinki, much to the disgust of the Finns. Waern's times were comparatively slow, but he was obviously running only for points.

After he won the 1,500 on the first day, a small group of some 1,000 courageous Swedes dared death or dismemberment by giving an organized cheer led by an umbrella-waving cheerleader. The cheer translated into something like, "Our accumulation of points will make you blush." The Finns fortunately took this Swedish enthusiasm good-naturedly.

Their good nature was strained a little later when, in the 800 meters, Finland's new hope, American-trained Bert Ohlander, tripped on the backstretch and fell. He was beginning his kick and the "aaaahhhh" was starting as he moved up on Waern. Since it is almost a tradition for a fight to start over this race, tension was high and the Swedes very nervous until Ohlander indicated that he had, somehow, managed to trip himself. It is doubtful that Ohlander could have caught Waern in any case.

Elsewhere in Europe, where the track season is roughly at the same stage now as the U.S. season was in mid-May, the performances have been better, particularly in the sprints (SI, July 25). Germany's Armin Hary has run the 100 meters in 10 flat and Manfred Germar has done 10.2 along with Abdou Seye of France and Russia's Leonid Bartenyev. All of them, plus Peter Radford of England, Livio Berruti of Italy and Jocelyn Delecour of France, have times well under 21 flat in the 200 meters.

Europe's best quarter-miler is Carl Kaufmann of Germany, who ran 45.4 on July 23 for 400 meters. His countryman, Manfred Kinder, has run 45.8. Milka Singh, an Indian running in Europe in preparation for the Olympics, has run 46 flat. Jack Yerman's winning time in the U.S. Olympic trials was 46.3, although he ran 46 flat in a heat. Aside from Moens in the 800, there are Waern, when he concentrates on the race, and Paul Schmidt, a small, slight German who is very fast but apparently lacks the stamina for the heats which will be run in Rome. He has done 1:46.5 this year, second fastest in the world.

The 1,500-meter field is the best it has ever been. In May and June more than 20 runners broke 3:45 in this race and the fastest time so far has been Istvan Rozsavolgyi's 3:38.8 at Budapest last Saturday. Five days earlier he had run 3:40.4.

At the middle and longer distances where they have always been good, the Europeans continue to show remarkable speed. There are too many contenders for them to be usefully listed here. You will know the very best when they win at Rome.

Only Germany's Martin Lauer is a threat in the 110-meter hurdles. He has recovered from a foot injury and is running well enough to be within a stride or two of his world record 13.2 by Olympic time. In all but two field events, the U.S. should have little trouble. Edmund Piatkowski, Poland's world record holder in the discus (196-6½), has lost twice this year to Jozsei Szecsenyi of Hungary; Szecsenyi hit 193 feet 4½ inches in one meet. And Germany has Manfred Steinbach (26 feet ¼ inch) in the broad jump. All in all, and despite the fact that the U.S. has the strongest track team in its history, we may very well win fewer gold medals at Rome than in any Olympic Games since World War II. **END**

THE DAY THEY GAVE THE MONEY AWAY

Horse racing's biggest spending spree turned into a bonanza for some surprising winners as bettors wagered $1 million at four of the country's tracks

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

IT WAS a day that Thoroughbred racing had never seen before. There were upsets and nonsense and confusion. But most of all there was money. Last Saturday, for the first time in history, four different $100,000 races were run at four different American race tracks, and more than 100,000 people went out to see them and to bet more than $1 million on their outcome.

Racing is a prosperous business—by far the most prosperous sport in the country—and it is good that much of the money is being returned to the horsemen who support the industry rather than to the promoters and tax collectors. It is a pity, though, that the horsemen do not resist the commercialism of the tracks and pay more attention to the traditional sporting values of horse racing.

But the business end is certainly healthy, and Saturday's races produced a wider-than-usual distribution of wealth.

In the richest race ever run in the state of Illinois, a gray 2-year-old named Pappa's All took the winner's share ($129,086) of the $218,940 Arlington Futurity by a desperate half length from Crozier, while the 2-to-1 favorite, Intensive, finished ninth in a field of 10. The victory, coupled with another win (worth $97,050) a week before in the $143,200 Hollywood Juvenile in California, hoisted the bank roll of Pappa's All to $226,136 in seven days. In the two races he ran only a mile and a half—meaning that he earned $28.55 for each foot traveled. Man o' War had to run more than 20 miles to earn $200,000. As he stood proudly in the winner's circle at Arlington, Jockey George Taniguchi was still unaware of the place he may take in history, if the passion for particularized records continues. This is likely to be it: "The first Japanese jockey riding in Illinois for the first time to win a $200,000 race."

At Delaware Park, Reginald N. Webster's Quill, which had never won a race on an "off" track in her life, skipped blithely over a sloppy track and won the mile-and-a-quarter $131,437.50 Delaware Handicap by nine lengths in what was ballyhooed as "the world's richest filly and mare race." Struggling behind Quill was Royal Native, believed by most experts to be the best female racer in the country. A majority in the crowd of 20,908, who had made Royal Native the odds-on favorite, were disappointed in her. In fact, probably the only person happy about Royal Native's performance was a bettor who reportedly dumped $40,000 on her to show and collected $44,000.

Monmouth Park in Oceanport, N.J. was the scene of another distressing upset. Little Tumbler, one of 13 2-year-old fillies, was put into the starting gates as a 4-to-5 favorite to win the $115,125 Sorority Stakes. She had won four of six races this year and had one significant quality which the crowd was betting on—the ability to pounce from the gate quickly and take the lead. When the gate opened in the Sorority, however, Little Tumbler got away a tardy fifth. Charlie Burr, Little Tumbler's jockey, pushed his mount after the leaders. Slowly she moved forward, driving into second place after a quarter of a mile. Then, suddenly, other fillies began to pass Little Tumbler so fast she seemed to be moving backward—third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh. And that is where she finished as Apatontheback outlasted two long shots to win. For Ray Broussard, a 24-year-old jockey from Abbeville, La., it was a joyful day. The Sorority was the richest race he had ever won.

The biggest news of last Saturday, quite naturally, was supposed to come from Aqueduct, where the acknowledged kings of the handicap division

continued on page 61

Cartoon by Pierre Bellocq

Careless with their easy money, an affluent breed of nouveau riche horses moves in a Wall Street of purse-proud race tracks, while "poor" old Man o' War looks on in dismay

DEATH ON THE SALT FLATS

Salt Lake City mechanic and driver Athol Graham, trying for a new speed record at 400 mph, was killed when a wheel flew off his homemade car

A JAGGED MASS OF METAL, ATHOL GRAHAM'S "CITY OF SALT LAKE" LIES UPSIDE DOWN AFTER HURTLING INTO THE AIR AT 300 MPH

by HAYS GOREY

A SCARLET, cigar-shaped racing car rocketed down the gleaming white straightaway of Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats this week in an all too daring effort to break the 400-mph land speed barrier. At the controls was Athol Graham, a 36-year-old Salt Lake City mechanic who had dreamed for 10 years of surpassing Sir John Cobb's speed of 394.2 mph and entering into the 400-mph realm.

The roar of the airplane engine powering Graham's car dinned across the Flats as it neared the three-mile point on the 12-mile racing strip. The machine was going more than 300 mph and still accelerating. Then the left front wheel flew off the axle.

The car twisted sharply, bounced into the air and tumbled end over end for three quarters of a mile, disintegrating into a tangle of gasoline-soaked junk.

"This is Post 2. He crashed!" an official observer near the accident scene shouted into a phone connected with the timer's stand at the measured mile. "Did you say he passed?" called back a timer from the stand. "No. He crashed!" answered Post 2.

Graham was unconscious when the first ambulance reached him. Flown to a Salt Lake City hospital, he died two hours later. It was a shockingly tragic beginning to a season which is to see the biggest assault ever made on a land speed mark.

In the next six weeks at least four other men are coming to Bonneville with good chances of reaching 400 mph. One, England's Donald Campbell, might even do 500. Son of one-time speed king Sir Malcolm Campbell and holder of the present water-speed record (260.35) he has worked three years to develop his *Bluebird* streamliner (*see page 20*). Three million dollars and the help of 68 British companies have gone into Campbell's effort, set for early September.

Among the other contenders due at the Salt Flats are Mickey Thompson, the El Monte, Calif. hot rodder whose four-engined *Challenger I* set

continued

SOUP-ON-THE-ROCKS AFTER SPORTS

New refreshing drink perks you up

For Soup-on-the-Rocks helps to replenish the salt and liquid you've lost on the tennis court or golf course. Just pour Campbell's Beef Broth straight from the can over ice. It's a nourishing drink, yet low in calories. A refreshing drink that tastes good, too. When you come in from active sports, have this modern refreshment. You'll like it and feel better for it.

Campbell's Beef Broth—M'm! M'm! Good!

Something special in "see" stories: Lee Tapered Slacks

Best-looking and best-built . . . don't let this one get away! We're talking about any pair of Lee Tapered Slacks, of course. The connoisseur on the left wears bronze pleatless slacks with two-button, elastic side adjustment, $5.95. The bookworm in the middle reads between the lines dressed in beltless, cuffless loden black slacks in new miniature glen plaid pattern, extension waistband, $5.95. The marine biologist at right wears sand beige slacks of smooth polished cotton, $4.95. All Lee Tapered Slacks are wash and—with a little care—wear. Go back-to-school in style with Lee! And remember, Lee has something special in shirt"tales," too! From $3.49.

JUST FOR FUN...Leesures by Lee

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a U.S. mark of 332.8 last year, and has been improved since, and Arthur Arfons, a speed-happy mill-and-feed man from Akron, whose car is undergoing final wind-tunnel tests this week. Even a jet will be run at Bonneville. Owned by Nathan Ostich, a 50-year-old Los Angeles physician, and powered by a B-36 bomber engine, it has enough horsepower to top 500 mph.

But beating them all to the starting line was the most improbable of all the record challengers—Athol Graham.

Graham was a mechanic in a Salt Lake City garage 10 years ago when his nagging itch to break Cobb's record became a magnificent obsession. He didn't believe that the building of a high-speed racing car required the technical help of major corporations and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Confident of his mechanical genius and ability to shop and barter, he set out to build a car by himself.

In the first five years he accumulated three Allison airplane engines and a new Cadillac. He quit his job in 1955, sold the Cadillac and opened up his own garage in the outskirts of Salt Lake City. There, when he wasn't repairing a balky carburetor on a customer's family sedan, he began putting together his dream, the *City of Salt Lake*.

He swapped the three Allison engines for one Rolls-Royce engine, then traded the Rolls-Royce to a hydroplane owner who had a supercharged Allison he didn't like. The Allison was finally enough engine for Graham.

He bought a war-surplus P-51 fighter for $250, took the cockpit for his car and sold the rest for $200. He got two aluminum belly tanks from a surplus B-29 and used sections of them for the car body. He intrigued the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. with his theory that small tires (33 inches high) were better than big ones for speed trials (Campbell's are 52 inches high), and it agreed to provide them. The only other aid he got was from a chemical company which gave him $3,500 to help defray the $1,000-a-day cost of time trials at Bonneville.

Last December Graham first tested his car on the Flats. With only four miles of the 12-mile course usable, he reached 344.7 mph. It was an incredible performance for a car that had cost him an unbelievably low $2,500. "Ingenuity is a great equalizer," he said afterward.

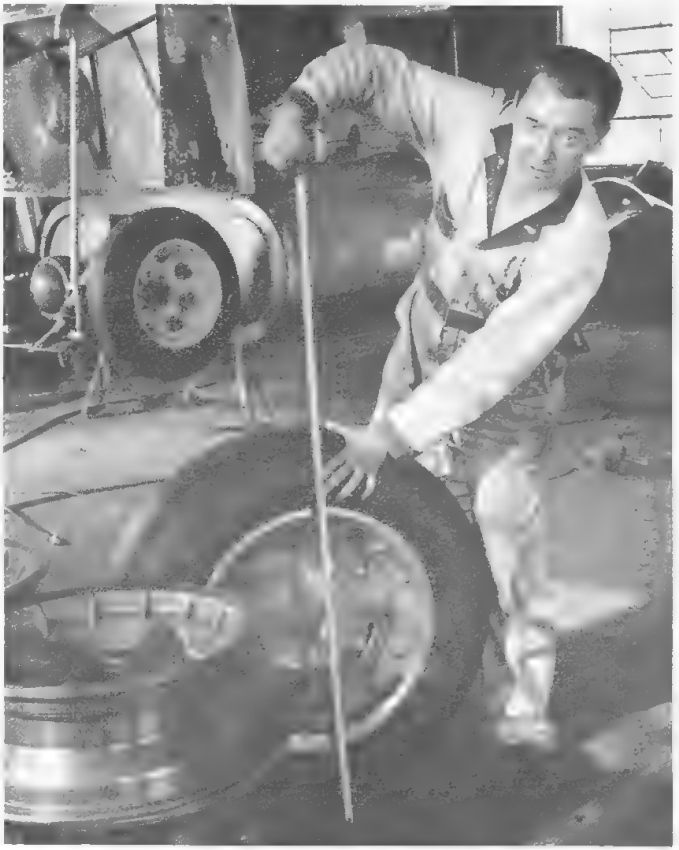
Graham was to make his initial record try this week at 9 a.m. Monday. He had "reserved" the Flats for four days, but he said that he would "go all out on the first run." There was a two-hour delay. The left front wheel wasn't fitting properly. Mechanics bent out the fender, adjusted the tie rods, and Graham was ready.

He kissed his wife (his four children were not at the Salt Flats), adjusted his crash helmet, strapped himself into the seat and moved off to the starting line. Minutes later the *City of Salt Lake* was a wreck. Found far from the remains of the car, where it had rolled after breaking off at the hub, was the left front wheel.

Graham's approach to his car's construction had been, superficially, a prudent one. He burned aviation gasoline, calling other higher powered fuels too risky. He used two-wheel drive for added control, and he placed the cockpit ahead of the engine to reduce the risk of injury should there be an accident. "Why add to the danger," he said last week, "when there is danger enough already."

Athol Graham was no fool. The qualities of determination, ingenuity, perhaps even genius, that he displayed in his 10-year project are the same ones that opened the West. Graham's fault was that his reach was beyond even his very great skill —or perhaps that of any one man.

No 400-mph car can be built on a do-it-yourself basis. The tolerances are too fine, the risk too great. In proving this, Graham became the first man to die in 25 years of record runs at Bonneville. **END**



BEFORE RACE GRAHAM SHOWED OFF UNORTHODOX SMALL WHEEL THAT BETRAYED HIM

Campbell under Glass

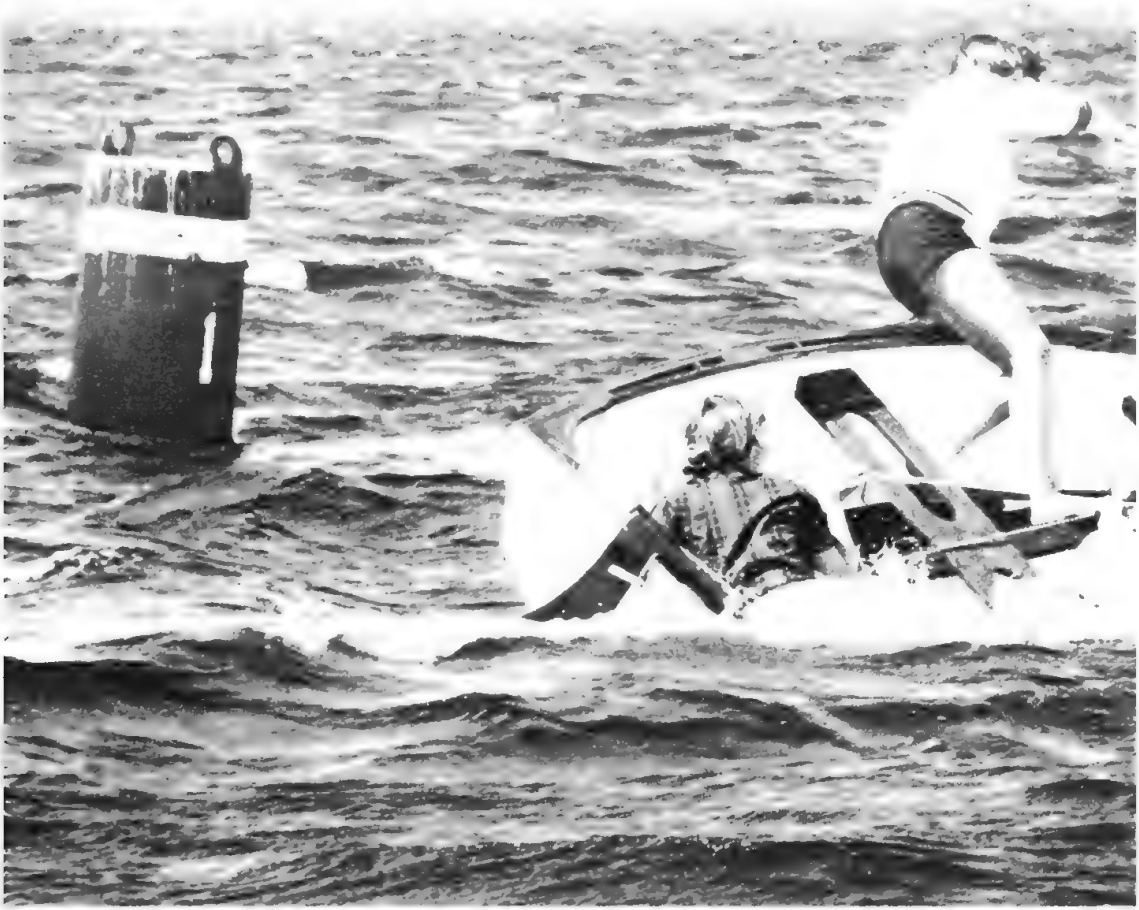
Photograph by John Sadovy

Encased in the cockpit of his new $3 million racing car, *Bluebird*, Donald Campbell starts its first test run in England. This fall Campbell hopes to drive the 30-foot, 4-ton gas-turbine racer past the 400-mile-an-hour mark on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

Photograph by Morris Rosenfeld

Penguin in Peril

In the choppy waters of Long Island Sound, Ann Cox, 15 (*left*), and Joan Waldron, 17, entrants in Larchmont Race Week's junior regatta, fight a losing battle to keep their Penguin, *Elmo*, afloat. Squalls buffeted the 304 starters in the race and prevented 75 of them from finishing, but prompt rescue work by power craft saved the youngsters from anything worse than a dunking.



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LYETT
ROUX

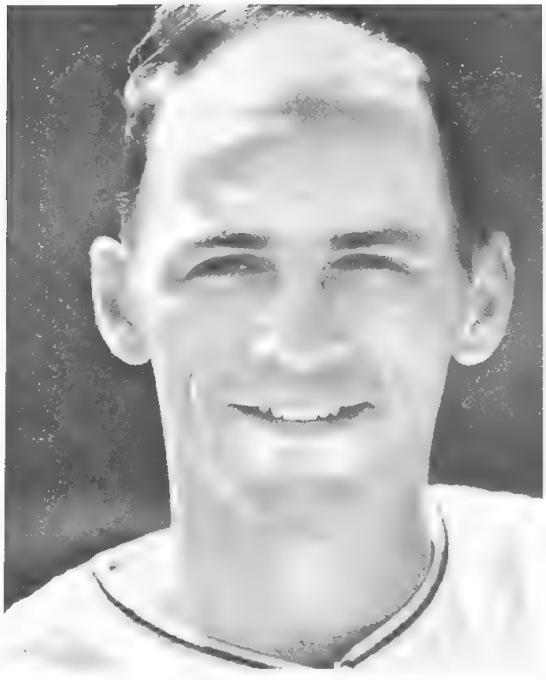
Watchbirds Watching

Nearly everyone in France, from small boys to tall presidents, turns out to watch the Tour de France as it passes through his home town. When this year's Tour reached the village of Colombey-les-deux-Églises the cyclists—who usually ignore onlookers—became watchbirds themselves. Their attention centered on the prominent spectator in the center of this picture. His name, of course, is Charles de Gaulle. De Gaulle has rallied his people many times, but he failed to inspire the French cyclists. The 2,607-mile Tour was won by Gastone Nencini, a 30-year-old Italian.

HEAD MAN IN A HURRY

Pirate Leader Dick Groat is slight, slow, and he hits singles, but for winning games there's no quicker man in baseball

by ROY TERRELL



INTENSE SHORTSTOP GROAT, BALDING AT 29, OFFERS RARE SMILE

HE IS slight, as big league ballplayers go, and if he has muscles they don't show. He is slow and cannot throw hard. One season he was at bat 520 times without hitting a home run; of his 142 hits, 120 were singles. He seldom smiles and almost never laughs. All he does is play baseball—and beat you. His name is Dick Groat.

"He holds the Pirates together," says Gene Mauch of the Phillies.

"He's the player the Pirates can least afford to lose," says Warren Spahn of the Braves.

"He kills us," says Fred Hutchinson of the Reds. "I wish to hell he'd go away."

The punishment which Dick Groat inflicts upon rival National League teams is something like being beaten to death with an ostrich feather fan, and in assessing credit for the rise of the Pittsburgh Pirates it is much easier to pin medals on others. There is Bob Skinner, with his lovely, letnal swing and incredible ability to deliver in the clutch. There is Smoky Burgess, who is short and round but blessed with a pair of the finest wrists and eyes in baseball and the talent to produce base hits without end. There are the two magicians with gloves, Bill Mazeroski and Don Hoak, and the three pitchers that hitters generally dread to see come into town: Bob Friend, Vernon Law and ElRoy Face. There are the rocketing speed and arm of Roberto Clemente and the booming, if infrequent, home runs of Dick Stuart. Gino Cimoli has caught some of the fire, and he has been a good ballplayer this year; so have Hal Smith and Rocky Nelson, who head up the supporting cast. But in all the famed Pirate rallies, and in the solid defensive play which cuts down the other team, the man in the middle always seems to be Dick Groat.

Groat gets on base, he moves the runner along, he keeps the inning alive; he comes up with the big stop and throw when it has to be made. He grows on you, like a very good (or slightly bad) woman with a bland face, and if something should happen to Dick Groat, the Pirates would probably fall apart.

When Bob Oldis, the third string Pittsburgh catcher, joined the team last spring, he was amazed by Groat, in a negative sort of way. "Why, the guy couldn't do anything. He didn't even look like a big-leaguer to me. But then, day after day, I began to realize what he was doing out there. He was helping this team win ball games. And the longer I'm here, the more respect I have for Dick Groat. He's a hell of a ballplayer."

Smart, quick and rangy

"He always has been," says Al Dark. "They say he doesn't have much range at shortstop. What's range but getting to the ball? And you watch Groat; he's always in front of the ball. He's smart and he knows the hitters and plays position as well as anyone I ever saw. Maybe he doesn't have a great arm, but he makes up for it by getting the ball away quicker than anyone else. He has terrific reactions and great hands, and that's better than speed. As a hitter the only thing he lacks is power. He doesn't strike out, he comes through with men on base, he can bunt and he's the best hit-and-run man in the game.

"For years he was the most underrated ballplayer in the league. Now he's got a good team around him and people are beginning to realize how valuable he is."

Now 29, with a balding head over which he carefully combs the few remaining strands of once-abundant brown hair until they are separated like the strings on a violin, Dick Groat presents a deceptively placid exterior to the world—intelligent, friendly, polite. In the off season he lives in Wilkinsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh, with his wife Barbara—a New York model when Groat met her one day in 1955 at the Polo Grounds—and their two little girls. Each day he drives 32 miles to Washington, Pa., where he is a sales trainee for the Jessop Steel Co., and frequently he is called upon to make a speech before some baseball-hungry banquet audience at night. He always cooperates.

When not working or talking, Groat plays golf, shooting in the upper 70s at the Edgewood Country Club, where he is a member. During the season, when the Pirates are at home, the Groats may get together with Bill Virdon and his wife for dinner and an evening of bridge. On the road the quiet, studious-looking Virdon and the quiet, serious Groat room together; they talk baseball or see a show or play some bridge. Occasionally Dick will have a drink or smoke a cigar. All very peaceful.

Only in the sober brown eyes, which look out upon life and the problems of the Pittsburgh Pirates with startling intensity, is there any indication of the fury which smolders inside. The inner Groat is one of the most amazing competitors in the world of sport, an athlete who burns with an almost frightening determination to excel. Lacking size and speed and strength, Groat has compensated with passion and has succeeded.

Each January the baseball Pirates play the football Steelers in a benefit basketball game for a Pittsburgh children's hospital, and the presence of Groat in the Pirate lineup has for years made this a one-sided affair. Last winter, however, the Steelers rang in Don Hennon, the high-scoring little University of Pittsburgh guard, and the game went down to the final 30 seconds with the Pirates ahead by only three points. When Hennon got the ball, Groat dropped back, willing to give up an easy shot and a possible two points in order to gain possession and run out the clock. So Hennon shot and made the goal—and Bob Prince, the Pirate broadcaster who was refereeing the game, more or less, called a foul on Groat.

"My God," says Prince, "Dick was fit to be tied. I know he didn't foul Hennon; I just wanted to send the game into overtime and give the customers a show. 'Relax, Dick,' I told him. 'This is only an exhibition, a fun game.' 'Fun, hell,' he said. 'I'm trying to win.' When the Pirates lost in overtime, he wouldn't speak to me for weeks. I think he's still a little bit mad at me."

As a kid growing up in the Pittsburgh suburb of Swissvale, Groat always seemed to try harder than anyone else. At Duke, as a 5-foot 11-inch boy playing a game that had been captured by giants, he set a national collegiate basketball scoring record with 831 points in his junior year. He had an even better per-game average as a senior, and made All-America two years in a row. As a scorer he was almost impossible to stop. He could hit from outside with a two-hand set shot or confound and confuse the opposition with his driving, stop-and-go dribble in close. He was one of the first to realize the value of the one-hand jump shot, and he used it; he was also an exceptional rebounder for his size, a tough defensive man and perhaps the best playmaker ever seen in the old Southern Conference. "The thing about Groat," said Vic Bubas, North Carolina State's all-conference guard, "is that I knew what he was going to do, but I couldn't do anything about it."

Two more All-Americas

As a college shortstop, Groat was twice All-America again, hitting well over .300 his last two years and performing what passed in that league as wizardry afield. This so impressed Mr. Branch Rickey that Dick received $25,000 to sign a Pittsburgh contract. Judging that he had little or nothing to lose, Rickey popped Groat right into the 1952 Pirate lineup that was to come close to the National League record for futility before the season was over, losing the magnificent total of 112 games.

"Maybe it wasn't much of a ball club," says Groat now, "but I wasn't worried about winning any pennants. All I was worried about was staying in the big leagues."

He should have worried about his hair. He had two hits in his first game and drove in two runs. In his fifth he started a triple play. At the end of the season his .284 average was better than Ralph Kiner's, better than Gus Bell's, better than anyone else on the Pirates. If Pete Castiglione, Catfish Metkovich, Joe Garagiola, Tony Bartirome, Clem Koshorek, John Merson, Bobby Del Greco and other members of that undistinguished cast were big-leaguers, Groat was ready for the Hall of Fame.

That winter, while finishing up his degree at Duke and waiting to be drafted, Groat played part of the NBA schedule with Fort Wayne. He scored well against the big pros and fascinated the fans; weary of waiting for Bob Cousy to come to town to give them occasional deliverance from the goons, they began to pack Memorial Coliseum to watch their own flashy little man. But when he went into service in January of 1953, Groat had played his last pro basketball. The Pirates were too conscious of his

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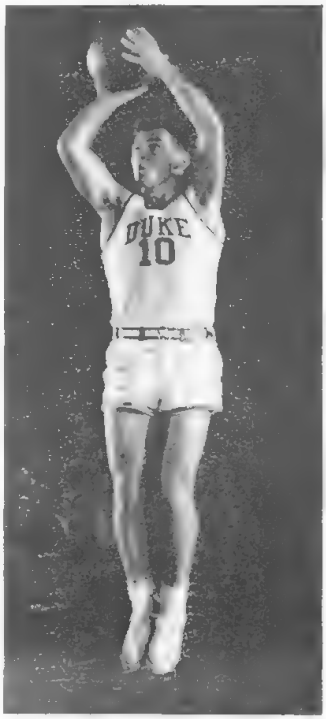

ALL-AMERICA basketball player at Duke, Groat pioneered jump shot, set national scoring record in 1951 with 831 points.

value by then to take a chance, and when he returned from service General Manager Joe Brown asked that he stick to one sport. Occasionally Groat still wonders if he picked the right sport.

"Sometimes I get frustrated in baseball," he says. "I can't hit the home run or lift a team through sheer physical ability. I could in basketball. If we were six points behind with a couple of minutes to play, I knew I could make up the difference, I could still win the game. I could score in basketball. I have to work like the devil to score here."

The reason Groat decided on baseball was not the money ("I made more in salary my first year with Fort Wayne than in my first two seasons with the Pirates," he says), although by now he earns more with Pittsburgh (between $25,000 and $30,000) than he ever could in the NBA. It was a feeling that baseball offered a longer career, a more important career, a chance to go further. "Also," he says, "I felt that I owed a lot to Mr. Rickey. He was awfully good to me."

In the five full seasons and part of a sixth since Groat returned from the Army, he only once has known the exaltation of the slugger. That was in 1957, the season in which he achieved his career high for home runs. Seven. In a double-header at the Polo Grounds he hit two home runs, one in each game, and also a bases-loaded triple. The next morning he was seen walking slowly along Park Avenue, peering into the showrooms at Cadillacs. But that night he was back hitting singles to right field.

"The only place I ever consciously try to hit a home run now is in the Coliseum," he says. "That's the only fence I consistently reach." To preserve his pride, Groat has come up with some figures that show the futility of hitting the ball up in the air in the first place. "Five out of 10 line drives go for base hits," he says, "and three out of 10 balls hit on the ground. Only one out of 10 fly balls are hits; the rest are caught for outs.

"Of course," he adds, a bit sadly, "not the kind of fly balls that Banks and Mays and Aaron hit."

Scramble from the depths

When Groat got out of service in 1955, he had trouble regaining his rookie form. He hit only .267, and the next season was even worse. The turning point came in August 1956, when he was in a horrible slump. He took extra batting practice. He talked to all the good hitters he could find. He changed his stance, his bat, everything. Finally, in desperation, he began to swing against thrown tennis balls, plastic golf balls, bottle caps, even corncobs, in an attempt to just meet the ball and forget about distance. Something snapped—nobody, Groat least of all, knows exactly what. But he hit .357 the final month of the season, raising his average from .254 to .273. In 1957 only Musial, Mays, Frank Robinson and Aaron exceeded his .315 average. In 1958 he hit an even .300. Last year's .275 wasn't good for Groat, but it wasn't bad for a shortstop.

This year Groat often has been sensational. He had six hits in six at bats on Friday the 13th of May against Milwaukee, something no one in baseball has been able to do since 1955, when Joe De Maestri, illogically enough, pulled the same trick. Later Groat had five hits in one game, and on five occasions he has had four hits. In San Francisco in mid-June he went nine for 15, drove in six runs and started four double plays as the Pirates cut down the Giants in three games. He was 16 for 23 in one sizzling stretch, 27 for 56 in another and at one point led the league in batting with .351. No one expected this to continue, for Groat is not a .350 hitter, a distinction he shares with others, but he has continued well above .300 and has been leading both major leagues in hits. He should get 200 this season, and not many ballplayers do that.

A natural opposite-field hitter, he has learned to pull the ball to keep the defense from loading up the right side. He can hit behind the runner about as well as anyone who plays the game, now that Willie Keeler is gone and Alvin Dark is growing gray. He is a master of one of baseball's toughest plays, the apparently simple, but endlessly complex, sacrifice bunt. He has learned how to take a hard-sliding runner without losing his leg and how to feed the ball to Bill Mazeroski on the double play so that Mazeroski won't lose his. He knows what his own pitchers in a given situation will throw to a particular batter and what that batter is most likely to do with the ball. He has learned when to cut off a throw from the outfield and when to let it go. He is one of the best at getting behind a runner on second to take the pickoff throw, and for two straight seasons he has led National League shortstops in making the double play.

Most important, he has taken charge of this Pittsburgh ball club, which is no longer fumbling and futile and inept as in the old days, but smart and tough and determined. Working "like the devil to score," Dick Groat has given the Pirates an impetus no long-ball hitter could ever have supplied. **END**

BARBARA GROAT, A FORMER MODEL, IS SHOWN WITH DAUGHTERS TRACEY, 4, CAROL, 2

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BIGGEST BULL IN THE MARKET

Kentucky's Bull Hancock, the master of Claiborne Farm, has a knack for acquiring Thoroughbred racing's best stallions and then selling their offspring at a profit

by WHITNEY TOWER

Photographs by Brian Seed

BULL HANCOCK had been away for 10 exhausting days. First he had gone to Hollywood Park, then to Monmouth, then on to Belmont, and finally he had met and survived the most rugged challenge of all. "I took my two oldest kids to New York," he said, "and they had me at nightclubs and at suppers, and I've never been so whipped in all my life. You know what it's like trying to keep up with 17-year-old kids!"

Now, like a fighter eager to shed his robe and join the battle for which he had been trained, Arthur Boyd Hancock Jr. slipped quickly out of his city clothes, put on an assortment of country wear and stood thoughtfully on the soft wet bluegrass of a gently sloping hill in Kentucky. He breathed again the fresh country air he loved, and his penetrating eyes eagerly sought out the sights and shapes that meant home—home being Claiborne Farm, the best Thoroughbred breeding farm in the world. For 25 years now Claiborne has harbored more leading stallions than any farm in history.

Hancock inherited Claiborne in 1957, but the farm's modern supremacy in the tricky business of producing first-class race horses is the result of an enormously efficient joint venture. Hancock owns only a small number of the horses on the farm. The rest are the property of such well-to-do clients as Harry F. Guggenheim, Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, Howell Jackson, Christopher T. Chenery, Howard B. Keck and William H. Perry. Taken all together, the output of their immense bloodstock holdings has made Claiborne the natural successor to the late Louis B. Mayer's farm and Calumet as the champion U.S. breeding establishment. Some examples:

• In 1959, money earned by horses bred and raised at Claiborne totaled more than $4 million—a new record. In each of the three previous years Claiborne-foaled horses earned $3 million or more.

• Four of the Claiborne stallions were on the top 10 U.S. Sires list. Nasrullah was first, for the third year; Princequillo was second, Double Jay fifth and Ambiorix eighth.

• Only three years ago, in a clear sign of what was to come, Claiborne gathered more one-season honors than anyone believed possible. Nadir was a top 2-year-old, Bayou the best 3-year-old filly, Round Table the best grass horse, Bold Ruler the Horse of the Year, Neji the champion steeplechaser and Dedicate the champion older horse.

• The future looks even brighter. The 15 stallions now standing at Claiborne—a group estimated by Hancock to be worth more than $8 million—make up the finest group of potential sires standing at one farm since the heyday of the Whitney family studs in the 1920s.

The master of this 2,873-acre Thoroughbred empire situated near Paris (pop.: 6,912), 16 miles down the road from Lexington, Ky., is a remarkable man even by race track standards. Bull Hancock's contemporaries know him as a shrewd horse dealer, yet a fair one—as fair as a man can be who is engaged in this delicate gamesman's art. He has the genuine respect of horsemen everywhere—whether they be novices looking for help or neighboring competitors like the honey-tongued Leslie Combs, boss of Claiborne's chief rival, Spendthrift Farm.

"He is," says a Claiborne customer, "the most knowledgeable horseman in the world today." This man looked over a Claiborne advertisement in a recent trade journal and added, somewhat anxiously, "I have only one thing against Bull. Since he stopped breeding for the commercial market, he's in open competition with his customers, and he'll probably knock our brains out!" He was referring, of course, to the fact that Claiborne Farm has stopped selling at the major Keeneland and Saratoga sales in favor

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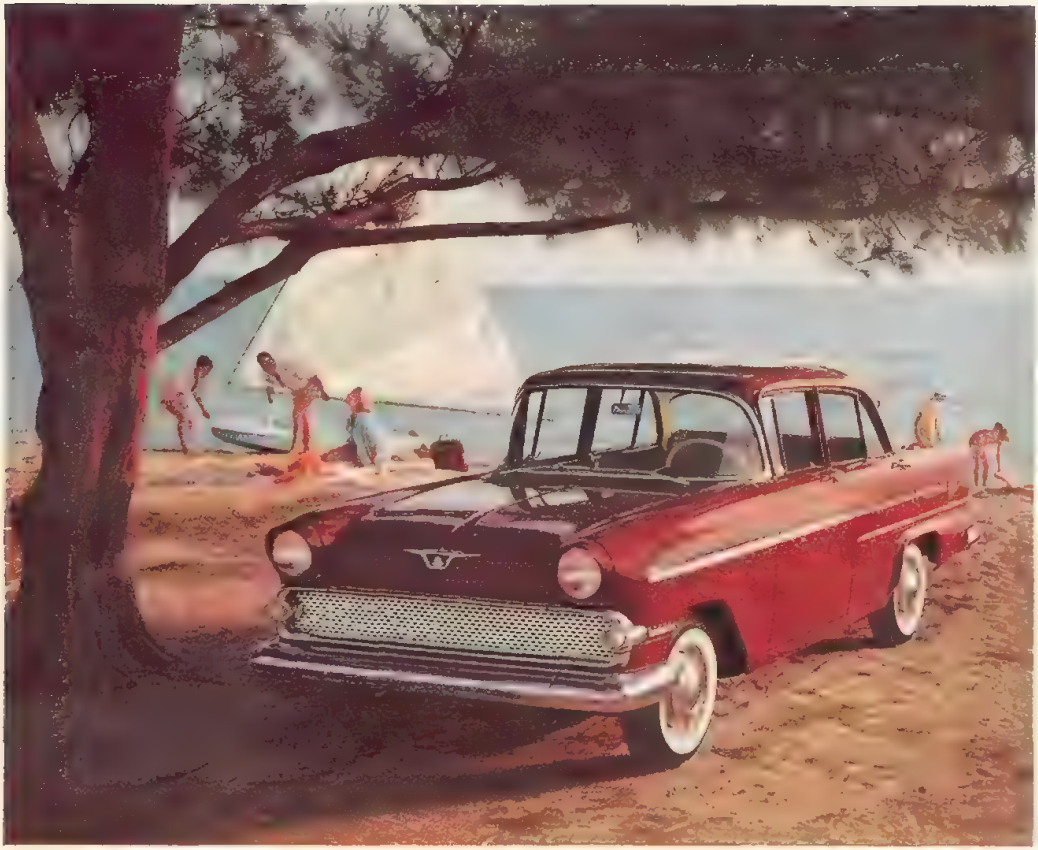
HORSE TRADER Hancock stands with mares and foals at Paris, Ky. farm.



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of racing its own well-bred stock under the familiar Claiborne all-orange silks.

If ever anyone was bred and raised to knock the brains out of rival horsemen, it certainly was Hancock. For more than a century his family has been in the horse business. The family seat was first established in the mid-19th century in Ellerslie, near Charlottesville, Va., by Captain Richard Johnson Hancock, an Alabaman who was thrice wounded while serving under Stonewall Jackson. Racing in partnership with his friend, Major Thomas W. Doswell, Captain Hancock won the 1884 Preakness with Knight of Ellerslie. His silks have since been carried by all Claiborne horses.

One of the captain's five sons, Arthur Boyd Hancock, a 6-foot 6-inch trackman in the class of 1895 at the University of Chicago, decided—as his brothers went off to become professors and doctors—that his father's horse business was for him. Shortly after he married Nancy Tucker Clay of Paris, Ky. she inherited (in 1910) the present site of Claiborne Farm. The Hancocks moved to Kentucky in 1913, when Arthur Jr. was 3. At 6 he began learning the business from the weed-choked ground up.

"I started with my dad, riding out with him to open gates," Bull said recently. "He paid me a nickel a day. I can remember the first big thrill of my life. I was 10. My Dad paid me $2 a week for chopping with the weed crew, and I sure thought it was pretty big stuff getting my first check with the men. After that I went to sweeping sheds and shaking empty stalls. It was tough work, but I knew right then that this life was the one for me."

It was just after dawn. Hancock got into his Oldsmobile and drove slowly toward one of the yearling barns, where his chief assistant, Bill Taylor, and his yearling superintendent, Dee Brooks, were waiting for the daily inspection. Bill squinted in the bright sun and apologized to a visitor, "I haven't seen these colts for 10 days. They're a little sunburned and wet—and a bit tough to remember." Then, as each yearling was led by in single file, he rattled off its complete pedigree without hesitation.

In the Claiborne office, breakfast over, Bull settled behind a desk piled high with mail. Before he could get to work, the phone started ringing. Howard Keck, one of his partners, called from California to report on plans for Bagdad. Then, after a period of listening, Bull took over. "You see that piece in the paper about Hillsdale retiring? I don't know what they're going to do with him, but I tell you one thing. He may be just another horse to look at, but his record is so impressive that you can hardly afford to ignore him. And another thing, you know his sire wasn't such a bad runner till he broke down. Hillsdale represents an outcross, and I wouldn't mind in the least sending a few of the Nasrullah mares to him."

Between phone calls Bull leaned back in his chair, laced his massive fingers behind his balding head and talked about the horse business. "It's true we've got quite an investment here: 15 stallions, about 280 mares, 180 weanlings, 30 yearlings, a few 2-year-olds and 300 head of cattle. To replace everything at Claiborne today would cost about $21 million. I raise about one-seventh of all the horses on the farm in the name of Claiborne. The rest of them are boarders. When I think that it costs me $850,000 a year to run this place I often sit here and wonder what the hell I'm doing it all for.

"I think there're probably two main answers. First, you don't raise winners of $4 million without feeling proud of success. Second, I wouldn't want to quit the association with the nice people I'm in business with. I don't mean that to sound corny, but where are you going to find nicer people than Howard Keck, Howell Jackson, Harry Guggenheim, Chris Chenery, Bill Perry, the Phippses and a lot of others who use Claiborne?"

The phone rang again, and Bull sat straight up. "You got the fifth at Belmont? Yeah, no kidding, he win, eh? What do you know! Another first for Claiborne." After hanging up he allowed himself a mild chuckle. "Claiborne colors won a stake over the jumps at Belmont today," he said. "We win with Ambassador. Once I talked seven guys I play golf with in Florida into betting $100 each on him, and he wasn't even in the hunt. Now suddenly, after he can't catch anything in front of him on the flat, he sees something in front of him on a damn jump course, and he not only jumps it, but they can't catch him."

Bull looked pensively for a moment at the pictures, plaques and certificates on his office walls, and they reminded him of something. "Oh, yes—what I was saying about good people. This call about Ambassador gives me a perfect example. You hear a lot of knocks all over about the jumpers. Well, you know, I hope the steeplechase doesn't die out. It has brought, over the years, a hell of a lot of good people into the game. Racing needs that kind instead of the fly-by-nights who come in for two or three years and then get out when they don't like it—or when they have no success."

Before dinner at Claiborne, Bull mixed cocktails, but his beautiful wife, Waddell, said time was short because the children were hungry. The two boys, A. B. Hancock III, age 17, and Seth, 11, were away. The girls, Clay, 15, and little Dell 7, were front and center. For generations the Hancocks have been a close family. Bull and his Waddell intend to keep it that way. "I'll help my kids do anything they want to do seriously," said Bull over his coffee, "but I won't stand for any laziness or casual approach. I'm not too much in favor of girls going to college, and, for that matter, if they aren't learning anything in school I'd just as soon have them come home and learn to be good secretaries instead."

Bull Hancock's personal adventures with education are a story in themselves. After going to prep school, first at St. Marks and later at Woodbury Forest—where, by his own admission, most of his reading was in the *Daily Racing Form*—Bull was summoned before his father. "He gave me three choices," Bull recalls. "Go to Cornell and learn to be a vet,

continued

THE WORLD'S RICHEST FARM

If Bull Hancock ever considered selling Claiborne Farm, the price tag would include the following items, according to Hancock's estimate:

15 stallions	$ 8,635,000
280 mares, some with foals, at an average of $25,000	7,000,000
Approximately 3,000 acres	3,000,000
110 yearlings at an average of $20,000	2,200,000
300 head of cattle	50,000
52 acres of tobacco	50,000
	$20,935,000

go to agricultural school at Iowa State or go to Princeton to get an education. Well, I went to Princeton (class of '33), and I think the thing I learned best of all was how to drink beer. When I was handed my diploma, the man who gave it to me—he was a good friend of mine and knew all along I was a horseplayer—said, 'It was a photo finish, wasn't it?' We both knew I was the last qualifying man in my class."

Ever since those undergraduate days a story has been going the rounds about Bull's prowess as a boxer—a story given substance by his nickname, by his height (6 feet 1¼ inches) and by his weight (210 pounds). Recently Hancock decided to end the myth once and for all. "One of my best friends at college was John Rutherford, who in our senior year was Golden Gloves heavyweight champion. Well, one night John needed a little help in finding the right bed, and when I got fed up trying to set him straight, I finally clipped him one. To this day John jokes about me being the only guy who ever put him on the floor for keeps. Hell, man, if John Rutherford ever came at me, I'd set my own track mark for an eighth of a mile. I can't box and never could."

If Bull was no great shakes at boxing, he was better than a fair hand at other sports. After alternating between guard and tackle on his class football team, he made a name for himself—a name of sorts, that is—at baseball. "I was a lousy fielder but a good hitter, so they put me anyplace they thought the ball wouldn't go. Our freshman coach, Dinny Dinsmore, sure did give me a fit. I got on first base one day, and three times he put the steal sign on. Three times I just stood there. Dinny came running out yelling, 'Didn't you see that sign?'"

The price of thought

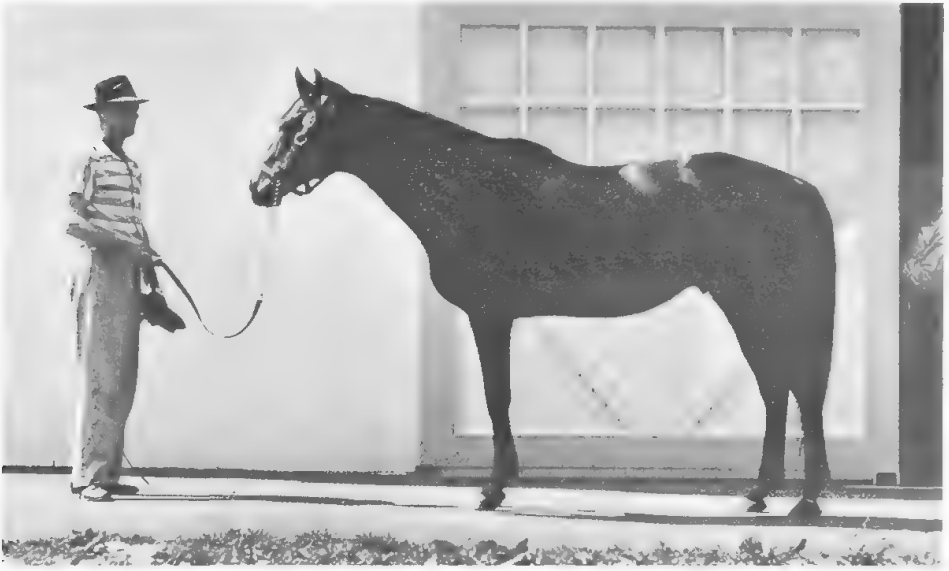
"'Yes, sir, but I thought. . . .'

"'Hancock!' he roared back at me. 'You stop trying to think. Every time you think, you weaken my ball team!' So he put the sign on again, and I stole, and they threw me out by 30 feet!"

The next day Bull led me to the top of a hill from which we could see hundreds of acres of pastures for his brood mares and their foals. "The late Mr. William Woodward Sr. was often quoted as saying, 'Upon the quality of the matron depends the success of the stud,'" Hancock said. "This may be true to a certain extent, but remember, Mr. Woodward's big success came when he got Sir Gallahad III as a stallion. As long as I can have a Nasrullah and a Princequillo, an Ambiorix, Double Jay and Hill Prince, I'll be on top."

Bill Taylor and Colonel Floyd Sager, Claiborne's veterinarian, came by to report that another mare bred to Bold Ruler was found to be barren. "Now isn't that just my luck," growled Bull. "Four mares I breed to Bold Ruler and all of them come up barren. This game sometimes seems like it's made up of bad luck. Just when you think you got the game twisted around ready to knock a home run, nature slips in and throws you a curve ball. Bold Ruler looks like he's going to make it as a sire. Every foal we've got by him is a standout. They've got remarkable strength in the shoulder and wonderful-looking chests."

Some of the mares were walking lazily toward the group of visitors, and Bull studied them closely. "In breeding," he said, "of course you've got to keep in mind conformation and soundness. If a mare has a tendency to breed unsound I want to send her to the soundest stallion I can. With Nasrullah, who was so temperamental, we tried to find him mares with the best temperaments. But as much as I like to get as good a pedigree as



MOST PRIZED OF CURRENT CLAIBORNE FARM STALLIONS IS 1957 HORSE OF THE YEAR, BOLD RULER, VALUED AT $2,500,000

I possibly can, I'm not going to be scared off by one name in it I don't like. There may be a 'dog' in the pedigree of every champion if you inspect it carefully.

"In the main, however, I'm looking for mares with racing performance, and I'm willing to wait until she's had four foals before deciding whether she stays at Claiborne or we get rid of her. On the other hand, if I had fillies out of Doubledogdare and Sunshine Nell, I'd keep them even if they couldn't outrun peanut butter, because some day I'd feel I was going to come up with something good. The objective at Claiborne is that every horse is bred to go at least a mile and a quarter, and it's a pity that so few other farms in the country are trying to do the same thing."

The selfless view

While nearly every U.S. horseman will readily agree that the success of Claiborne Farm is closely linked with the stud careers of Nasrullah and Princequillo, nobody can accuse Bull Hancock of trying to keep the best for himself. "Until I went into a partnership with Howard Keck and more recently with Bill Perry," says Bull, "everything of mine was for sale. We quit breeding for the commercial market in 1953 and sold privately. I used to put a price tag on my yearlings and sell them, until my bookkeeper told me I was even or a little ahead. Then I used to race the ones that were left."

"There was never real high-pressure selling at Claiborne," says a Hancock client. "Bull never tries to force you into buying anything. But he'll lean over backward to accommodate you. He'll tell a man who can't make up his mind, 'I'll go in 50-50 with you on this colt and we'll race him together if that will make you feel better about it.' In other words, he builds confidence among his buyers in much the same way that you or I would feel better being in on an oil deal if we knew that the man who was going to drill the well also owned half the stock in the deal."

"The trouble with selling," says Bull, "is that every time you sell a horse, you're either a dummy or a thief because nothing that sells for, say, $10,000 is worth exactly that. Remember, too, that in the last 30 years sales prices have gone up three

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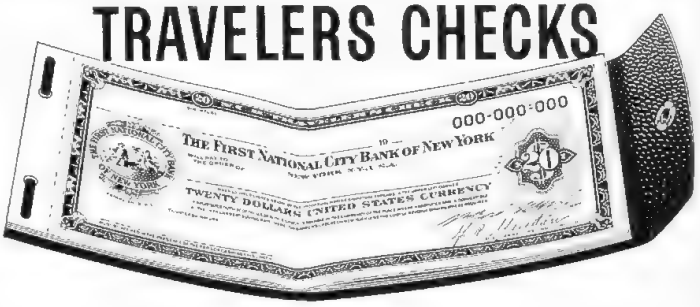

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"When you sell at auction the people set their own prices. For my part, the objectionable part about a private sale is selling a man a horse that doesn't prove his value. People said I gave Kerr [Travis M. Kerr] a hell of a sticking when I sold him Round Table for $150,000. But look what the horse won for Kerr—better than 1½ million."

On the 20-mile drive from Claiborne to Lexington's Idle Hour Club, where he was going to play golf, Bull Hancock looked at some of the neighboring pastures. "There's lots to be said about proper nutrition for horses," he said, "and we do a good deal about renovating our fields and utilizing all the new land we can. But I'll be darned if I can go along with some of those California theories about raising good horses on just a lot of dry feed. My father used to say to me, 'Man o' War was the best horse I ever saw, and all he ever had was good hay, good oats, good grass and plenty of water.' I guess that theory is good enough for me."

Laughter at the pearly gates

As he drew closer to the club, Bull broke into a smile. "Did you hear the one about the racetracker who went to heaven? He got up the ladder to the gates and when St. Peter told him that the quota for racetrackers was filled and that there was no more room, the racetracker looked forlorn. Then he said, 'Would you mind taking a message inside to all those racetrackers while I wait here by the gates?'

" 'Not at all,' replied St. Peter. 'I'll put it on the bulletin board.'

" 'Just tell those guys in there that there's a 100-day meeting going on in hell, with $5,000 minimum purses, $50,000 stakes every Wednesday and $100,000 stakes every Saturday.'

"Within minutes, all the racetrackers were hustling down the ladder from heaven, and St. Peter came out to our friend and said, 'There's plenty of room for you now. Come on in.' But the racetracker had a puzzled look on his face, and he turned to St. Peter and said, 'Say, there might be something to that rumor. I think I better go down to hell and check on it!' " END

'I WILL DRIVE LIKE I DRIVE'

In a racing boat Mira Slovak is as brash as he was when he fled the Reds in a stolen plane

by EMMETT WATSON

ONE OF TOP TWO HYDROPLANE PILOTS, SLOVAK HAS BEEN RACING ONLY FOUR YEARS

IN the seven years since he stole a Czechoslovak airliner loaded with furiously reluctant passengers and treetopped his way to freedom, 30-year-old Miroslav Slovak has pursued such a variety of careers and diversions that he has sometimes seemed headed several ways at once. This week in Seattle he will be involved in two very different and important causes in his fast, full life.

On Lake Washington, Slovak will again be at the wheel of the beautiful, powerful *Miss Wahoo*, running against a bellowing pack of unlimited hydroplanes for the Seafair Trophy. Though he never raced boats until four years ago, Mira holds the highest average speed for a completed race and is rated one of the two top drivers on the unlimited hydroplane circuit. The day after the Seafair race, battered and bone-weary, Slovak will take his final test for U.S. citizenship. If the pounding on the race course does not shake all the U.S. history out of his head, Slovak should pass.

In any case, testing the Americanization of Mira Slovak is at this point only a formality. For some time now he has been making his own way, but without letting the cozier aspects of the "good life" stifle his sporting soul. After coming to the U.S., he supported himself for a while flying as a crop duster, and now earns a living at the relatively staid job of copilot for Continental Airlines. His off time, when he is not racing in *Miss Wahoo*, is given over to what he thinks of as humdrum pursuits—stunt flying, soaring, snow skiing and water skiing.

Slovak has a thick shock of black hair, protruding ears, an eager-to-be-liked grin and a way of talking that is sometimes eloquent but still marked with rich, cockeyed idiom ("let things go as they come"). These attributes, coupled with his taste for danger and his proved competence at the wheel, have made him a popular driver among spectators east and west.

At Seafair a good portion of the 200,000 lining the shores and the log boom surrounding the Lake Washington course will be rooting for Slovak as he winds up *Miss Wahoo*'s Rolls-Merlin engines and charges across the water. Most of those who aren't for Slovak will be for his rival, Bill Muncey, in *Miss Thriftway*. *Wahoo* and *Thriftway* are popular and logical favorites against a field that also includes *Kol Roy*, *Miss Bardahl*, *Miss U.S.I*, *Miss Burien* and

continued

SLOVAK LEARNED TO FLY IN CZECH TRAINER

HIS FIRST U.S. WORK WAS

Miss Seattle Too. Thriftway holds the world record for a time-trial straightaway run (192.001 miles an hour), so *Miss Wahoo*'s chances depend considerably on Slovak's skill and calculated recklessness.

In the eyes of one rival driver, Slovak is either "the grittiest guy on the water or the goofiest." To *Miss Wahoo*'s owner, Bill Boeing, the tall, soft-spoken son of the founder of Boeing Airplane Company, Slovak was the first—and remains the only—choice to pilot his boat—"an ideal man because he is not foolish. He's had good training and has a fine feel for the boat." Boeing recently gave a further reason. "I want a bachelor in my boat," he admitted, "not a driver with a distraught wife on shore and a bunch of kids waving Daddy goodby. When Slovak quits, so does *Wahoo*. They'll finish together."

They may. Unlimited hydro racing at more than 150 miles an hour is dangerous business. Lou Fageol retired after puncturing a lung in a 70-foot flip; Joe Taggart broke an arm and two legs and retired; Jack Regas retired after a severe brain injury. Bill Muncey has had two memorable close ones: an earlier *Miss Thriftway* disintegrated under him, and another lost a rudder and rammed a Coast Guard boat, leaving Muncey shaken and bruised and lucky to be alive.

Mira Slovak's zest for hazard and his joyful compulsion for passing other boats comply with Boeing's all-or-nothing racing philosophy. On the wall of his trophy room hangs a picture inscribed by the late Stan Sayres, owner of *Slo-Mo-Shun IV:* "The original Gold Cup rules stated that it was a sport for gentlemen and their runabouts. Today there are few of either." Since his driver, Mira Slovak, and his pit men serve without pay, Bill Boeing's hydro team is closer than most to the original concept.

"You couldn't throw a blanket over all the varied interests in racing today," Boeing observed recently. "The commercially sponsored boats are under great pressure to win, so they enter all the races. The community-backed boats have to compete wherever they can because of their contributors. We have nothing to sell. We can pick our spots and race for the fun of it. But when we do race, there is no letup."

Since Ted Jones designed her in 1956, *Miss Wahoo* has won only three of her 15 races. Her record is dotted with sixths, sevenths and eighths. Brilliant laps bring her in first in one heat, and the next heat mechanical failure adds up to a dismal "did not finish."

"We could play it safe and pile up our points," Boeing says. "Our overall record would look better." Since it is the mutual inclination of Boeing and Pilot Slovak to go all-out, *Miss Wahoo* often ends up with a sprained engine part, limping in the ruck.

Start of a feud

Slovak and Bill Muncey were once friends. Now they despise each other. At their first meeting of the year, the Lake Chelan Apple Cup last May, the Slovak-Muncey rivalry boiled up and spilled over onto the sports pages. Muncey said that Slovak deliberately "washed him down" in the first heat by directing *Miss Wahoo*'s high rooster-tail wake into *Miss Thriftway*'s cockpit, trying to blind Muncey rather than beat him. Slovak scoffed at the accusation. In the second heat, with *Miss Thriftway* running wide and about to pass him, Slovak took *Wahoo* sharply out, right across *Miss Thriftway*'s bow. Muncey won the heat anyway when *Wahoo*'s engine failed, but victory didn't cool him off. "I'd have run him down if I hadn't backed off," rasped Muncey to reporters later. "I have a wife and children. Slovak's a bachelor. Maybe he doesn't care."

Slovak suggested that if Muncey was worried about his family he should quit racing, but added that he was "disgusted and sick" after the Chelan rhubarb. "I say we're in racing for fun. When the fun goes, I want to get out. I was wrong and I knew it. It was dirty, but he was dirty with me, so when that happens, I say, 'O.K., smell it yourself.' I'm not proud about it, but I did it. I could say it was an accident, I could say I couldn't keep the boat tight on the turn. But no, I did it on purpose."

Like most drivers who have a proper respect for the thousands of man-hours used to prepare a hydroplane, Slovak regards himself as no more than another skilled technician, a human extension of *Miss Wahoo*, another equally destructible part. "I will push if I get pushed," he has said. "The driver is disposable. Is that the right word? Expendable? Yes, that's it—expendable."

While the excitement of hydro racing seems to impel him to compete savagely, Slovak is an eminently careful commercial plane pilot; he crammed intensively for his citizenship test, reads aviation journals constantly and is genuinely appreciative of literature and music. He has

FLYING THIS CROP DUSTER

BILL MUNCEY WAS HYDRO PAL, THEN FOE

BIGGEST TRIUMPH WAS 1959 WIN IN PRESIDENT'S CUP RACE

courted a number of attractive girls in the Northwest, but avoids the "pit lizards," the female hangers-on at the race course. He lives high as he can on a modest budget, keeping a Ford Thunderbird and a 14-foot Chris-Craft (for water skiing) in Denver and a Ryan stunt plane in Seattle.

Slovak owes his safe passage from Communism to an early attraction to machines and speed. As a teen-ager he tried to build a plane in his yard, and at 18 was among 105 candidates out of 3,000 applicants accepted for the Czech air force. A year later the Communists took over. Slovak was made a pilot for the Czechoslovakian airline —at 24 he became the airline's youngest captain, but he didn't like his life.

"I saw friends disappear, property gone, a place full of betrayal and informers," he says. "I thought if I stayed I would be shot or in prison. I don't know."

So he planned a getaway. At 7:20 one March evening in 1953 he cleared his Douglas C-47, with 25 passengers aboard, out of the airport at Prague and headed off on a routine course to the city of Brno. Three of Mira's passengers had come aboard to escape with him. After climbing to altitude, Mira handed the controls to his unsuspecting copilot. He sauntered back among the passengers and invited his confederates forward to the pilots' compartment.

The three quickly overpowered the crew and locked them in the baggage room. Slovak snapped off his running lights and quickly dropped the plane to "zero altitude" to avoid radar detection.

The furious and frightened passengers pounded on the door. Mira pulled back on the stick and then shoved it forward, a stunting maneuver which rattled his passengers around like dice in a cup. The passengers remained quiet thereafter. Slovak brought the plane down gently two and a half hours later at an American base in Germany.

Refuge in the U.S.

He spent the next five months being whisked around Frankfurt. He answered the endless questions of Allied intelligence officials in Washington, then finally was allowed to slip into civilian life. He went to work for Central Aircraft, a crop-dusting outfit in Yakima, Wash., and spent two gypsy years dusting the western U.S. and Mexico. In 1956 he was working as Bill Boeing's private pilot. That year Boeing decided to build an unlimited hydro. Although Slovak had no experience in hydroplanes, he took it out and, from a field of 11, was selected as driver. Lou Fageol taught him the famous split-second Fageol "flying start"—a method of checkpointing the hull's progress with stop watches to hit the starting line at full throttle a scant fraction of a second after the gun. From Ted Jones, Slovak learned the difficult art of cornering, the proper way of hitting a turn at 130 miles an hour and coming out at the angle which minimizes loss of acceleration.

Today Slovak talks vaguely of retiring from hydroplane racing but in the next minute confesses that he applied to drive the ill-fated jet hydroplane *Tempo-Alcoa* that Bandleader Guy Lombardo backed to break the world speed record. "Why? That is a good question. I don't know why I want to go faster than anybody. I get scared to death. It's like Russian roulette, where I will stand the best chance of getting one thing—killed. So I ask myself, and I don't know." Slovak is, above all, well aware that Muncey is much the same sort of willing gambler behind the wheel. While he has no love to waste on Muncey, Slovak acknowledges his rival's talents without reservation. "He is the best," Slovak insists, "the greatest. Muncey can't take defeat. That's what makes him great."

However, Slovak has no doubt he will make Muncey accept defeat this week. "I'm going to drive within the rules," Slovak says. "If they don't like my driving they can tell me, 'Get off the course.' Until then, I will drive like I drive." **END**

NATURAL WONDERS

WW-1 PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

On every campus, olive comes alive in Wool. Wool is the perennial student. On any campus, you'll find it coming back to school term after term. College men have always appreciated the forthright, masculine way wool drinks up color... and holds it for the long, full life of the garment. The reason? Examine wool under a microscope, and you'll find even the smallest filaments have absorbed the dye... made it part of the fiber. This fall, *the* color is olive. And distinguished, rich-textured wools are setting the correct olive tones. Spot the best-dressed man on your campus. Spot his suit... sport coat and slacks... sweater... coat. You can bet they're 100% wool! AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL*.

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Grandmother, what sharp teeth you have!

A male pike never amounts to much, but the ageless female grows into the big, bold boss of the north lakes

IT is the hope of taking a gigantic fish that keeps one fishing for northern pike. They have the quality of inspiring this hope—somewhere, under lily pads, over weed beds, in this dark hole or that river eddy, lurks leviathan. If only one keeps on trying, sooner or later the pike will come, if not on this cast, then on the next one, a sudden, broad-backed shadow, cold-eyed, swift, hungry, ferocious—and every inch a lady.

This last may come as a shock to some fishermen who have spent days and weeks on northern lakes and rivers in search of that one big fish, but the fact of the matter is that when it comes, it will not be the great-granddaddy of all northerns but the great-grandma. For the biggest pike are females; the males rarely exceed nine to 10 pounds in weight, while the ladies of the species will run five or more times that size. But, male or female, they are not difficult to catch when in a taking mood. Almost any moving lure, from pork rind to plugs, from flies to spoons and spinners will interest them. One fisherman was highly successful with a huge contrivance carved out of balsa wood, clothed in muskrat skin and provided with little paddle wheels to make a surface disturbance. The clumsiest cast will not frighten pike—in fact, a spoon landing with a good heavy splash usually serves to draw attention to itself.

Thus the hope of catching a really big northern is not, on the whole, unreasonable. *Esox lucius*, the common pike, is a fish circumpolar in distribution in the northern hemisphere. The North American record is a fish of 46 pounds 2 ounces, caught in 1940 by Peter Dubuc in Sacandaga Reservoir, New York. In 1941 a net-caught fish from Cree Lake in northern Saskatchewan was weighed at 45 pounds, and there are plenty of other well-founded stories which make it clear that present rod-caught records will not last.

Northern pike are bold fish. They like the sun as few other fish do. Often even a large female can be easily seen, lurking in weeds or openly basking in sandy bays. From above the surface of the water, her dark back open to the light, she seems not to hide at all. Down at her own level she is well hidden—by the motionless pose of her body, perfectly maintained by tiny fin movements, and by the mottling of her sides that is as deceptive as underwater shadows. A large pike rarely strikes from a distance of more than 10 to 12 feet, and she does so with a sharp rush of speed that is calculated to bring her exactly alongside the prey—bird, mammal or fish, perhaps her own grandchildren. There she is likely to pause, then turn abruptly to seize the chosen creature squarely across the body. The long, sharp teeth of the lower jaw hold her prey securely, and she waits out its struggles. When her victim finally is still, the pike turns it in her jaws, and the raking teeth of the tongue and vomer and palatines force it head foremost into her gullet.

A good big northern, grown far beyond her fellows, could be almost anywhere. Young northerns have the fastest growth of almost any freshwater fish. A big female produces more than 100,000 eggs, depositing them in weedy bays and marshes as soon as the ice breaks up to let the fish run in from the lake. The eggs hatch in seven to 15 days, depending on the water temperature, and in another three or four days when the yolk sac is absorbed they become tiny, free-swimming creatures about a quarter inch long. At that stage they are prey, not predators; not more than one or two in a thousand is likely to survive the two or three weeks they usually spend in the spawning marshes before migrating to the lake. The few that do survive the first year will be about 10 inches long in most United States waters, 18 inches long by the end of another year, 33 inches at 6 years, 40 inches at 9 years, from 40 to 47 inches at 10 to 13 years. In Lac La Ronge in Canada, on the 55th parallel, a 40-inch fish is likely to be 15 years old, a 46-inch fish perhaps 19 or 20.

Northerns grow fastest in the more southerly part of their range, so the logical place to look for a really big

continued

Photograph by H. Harold Davis

FIGHTING THE HOOK in its jaw, a five-pound northern pike shows its red gills as it twists furiously out of the water.

one should be south of the Canadian border. But southern waters are hard-fished, and though a female northern may grow to 20 pounds and 40 inches in 10 years there, she is not very likely to get a chance to do so. The most promising and exciting northern pike waters on the continent are in the far north, across northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where the lakes are innumerable. Some of them, like La Ronge, Reindeer, Cree, Wollaston and Athabaska, are very large. Few of them can be reached by road, and most of them have scarcely been fished at all. Northerns grow more slowly in these latitudes but, like trout, they live much longer as a result. Because hardly anyone has been fishing for them, the far-northern northerns are still swimming about in their old age, occasionally scaring the wits out of anglers, and from time to time making trophies of themselves.

Henry Weitzel of Cree Lake knows of a fish in a bay off Sand Island that is as big as a small canoe. Henry and his friend Martin Engman have lived on Cree for many years, and I would venture to say they are growing old there, except that they are ageless. Both are very good men to fish with. Henry knows his lake and his northerns as though they were kin. Cree is certainly one of the best of the northern pike lakes. It is big (350 square miles) and beautiful, with more than 500 islands, and beaches of pinkish sand. Its waters are clear and cold. Temperatures in the upper 30 or 40 feet rarely exceed 60°F. Thirty-pound northerns are caught there every year—a fish of 36¼ pounds was taken in 1958, and there is not the slightest doubt that bigger fish are in the lake than ever have been taken out of it by rod and line. I spent a cold and stormy midsummer day with Henry on Cree Lake, looking for a 20- or 30-pound northern.

"They're all coming out of the shallow water about now," Henry said as we started. "You've got to look for them off the rocky points—in the lake-trout spots. Better on a sunny day."

He was right about the rocky points. The fish were there, dozens of them—six-, eight-, 10-, 12-pounders, a few larger than that, but not 20 pounds.

Henry released them and scolded them: "Go away. We don't want you. You should have let your grandmother have it, but you're too stupid for that. You had to go and jump in ahead of her."

Occasionally he decided to keep one of the larger ones to feed his sled dogs. Once he picked up a junior-sized baseball bat, waited until I had brought the fish alongside and whacked her squarely on the head. Instantly she took off in a twisting jump like a crazy creature. "That caught your brain box," Henry would tell her. "Teach you some sense."

Fast, but unable to last

The northerns have the same disadvantages as fighting fish that they have as predators. They are fast, ferociously armed, bold and voracious. But, like many very fast predators, they can't sustain speed (it has been measured at 20 mph, compared to 23 for the trout and 25 for the salmon) more than a very short distance, usually not more than 20 to 30 feet. In this the pike is like the mountain lion, whose speed over a hundred feet in four or five long leaps is great enough to catch anything that runs, but whose narrow chest and shallow lungs check him sharply at the end of his first rush. Even so, the northerns have plenty of speed to overtake minnow, perch and bass that make only 8 to 12 mph. A more serious limitation is their stiffness in the water and their need to capture prey broadside. They cannot turn and twist in pursuit as trout and salmon do. A big northern female makes her rush very straight, hovers over her victim and only then turns her stiff body to take the victim in her jaws.

When large pike are hooked, they do not often jump clear of the water but may lunge out in brief, spectacular head-shaking flurries. Big fish often come in toward the boat and lie like logs until they are lifted; they have all their strength then, and can take off so suddenly that a clumsy hand on the reel can mean disaster. The horny jaws and gill covers have many soft spots, and hooks that seem securely set can readily tear away. The northern has ways of making the fisherman feel he has earned his catch, and not the least of these is the big-fish habit of following a cast in to the boat and fading back at the last moment without striking.

I suppose we caught 30 or 40 northerns just south of Widdess Bay in Cree Lake during the morning. After lunch we rode down the wind from Widdess Bay to Frog Bay, the motor laboring up the swells and racing with the crests, the 20-foot canoe like a live thing under us. In Frog Bay it was much the same story as before, except that half the fish in the lake seemed to be congregated off one rock-piled point. Not 20-pounders, but it wasn't that they weren't in the lake—20-pounders had been caught on the two previous days.

Illustration by Jack Kunz

Wollaston and Reindeer, larger lakes north of Cree, and Athabaska, six times as large, lying across the 59th parallel, all have big northerns, as do lesser lakes like Riou, Hatchet, Black, Careen and many others, all accessible only by air. The Churchill River, flowing through Saskatchewan and Manitoba into Hudson Bay, is

a series of lakes joined by rapids through much of its length which produces northerns of 20 to 30 pounds each season. A road is at present being pushed slowly northward toward the Churchill River. In time it is expected to reach Cree Lake, and eventually Athabaska, but it will be quite a long time, and in the meantime the angling pressure remains negligible.

Promise of still bigger fish

This northern country, with its rocky hills, its sand bluffs and gravelly eskers, the small-growth jackpine and birch, the carpets of reindeer moss and the subarctic feeling of its short summer, is new and exciting. It has an abundance of lake trout, walleyes and Arctic grayling, as well as its great northerns, and no fisherman is likely to come back disappointed from it, least of all the pike enthusiast. Over the next 20 to 30 years some records are going to be broken up there, and while this may not be all-important to most fishermen, it is always more exciting to know that really big fish are around.

How big the biggest may be, in North American or any other waters, is obscured by the wealth of legend and folklore and fish stories that the pike has inspired in Europe since medieval days—the Mannheim pike, for example, that was supposed to be 19 feet long and 267 years old. As the British naturalist Francis Trevelyan Buckland put it, the pike has produced more lies than have been told about any other fish in the world. But since the European pike is biologically identical to our northerns, it is well to examine some authentic old world records. A fish of 72 pounds, caught in Loch Ken, Scotland in the 19th century, has been given some support by experts, through measurements of the preserved skull. The accepted rod-caught record is, so far as I know, a 53-pounder caught in Lough Conn, Ireland by Mr. John Garvin in 1920. But the greatest fully confirmed weight is a fish of 58.42 pounds, 59 inches long, caught in Sweden on a set line. That blank on the western angler's map of the world, Russia, has pike, and presumably some very large ones. Perhaps one day a record will be claimed from Siberia or Mongolia or Turkestan. The pike there is the same fish, and no doubt fishermen are out after them on great rivers like the Don and the Volga.

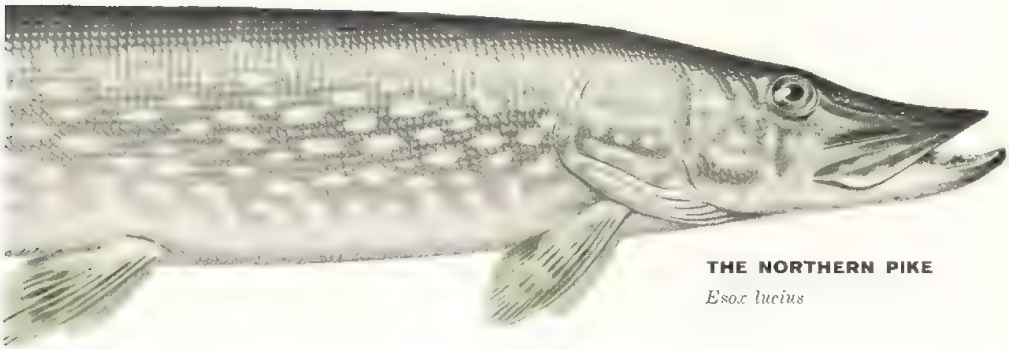
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For his assistance in the completion of this article, the editors and Artist Jack Kunz are indebted to Edward Migdalski, Ichthyologist of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory and the Peabody Museum, Yale University.

The pike has never given rise to legends in America as it has in Europe. I can think of several good reasons for this. On the North American continent the pike has four close relatives —the muskellunge and the three pickerels, grass, chain and redfin. The muskellunge, as a somewhat larger and similar fish, has more readily caught the imagination. The northern has had all the other wonders of a new continent to compete with. And I suppose we are a less credulous people, at least about natural phenomena, than were our European ancestors of a few generations back.

On the whole, the reputation of the northern has been rather overshadowed by that of the muskellunge, and that is a pity. The musky may, it is true, grow into a bigger fish, but under modern angling pressure rarely does so. In general habits and performance, there is no great difference between the musky and the northern. A few anglers believe that the musky is a stronger fighter and more likely to jump when hooked, but most seem agreed that there is little to choose between the two.

Whatever his rating as a game fish, the northern provides a lot of satisfying sport over a wide area, often in waters not especially suitable for more highly regarded fish. It is true that in some waters the pike prevents the introduction of more desirable species, and in others both preys upon and competes with species such as whitefish and lake trout that may well be more important, both commercially and as game fish. In a few areas, notably the Saskatchewan and Athabaska deltas, it has been estimated that the pike destroys a million and a half waterfowl a year. But if the big pike, the voracious lady of the lake, is a villain, she is at least a native villain, and quite a romantic one, honorably established in a pattern of underwater life that has always served North Americans well. The wise course is to recognize her many virtues and put them to good use. **END**



THE NORTHERN PIKE
Esox lucius

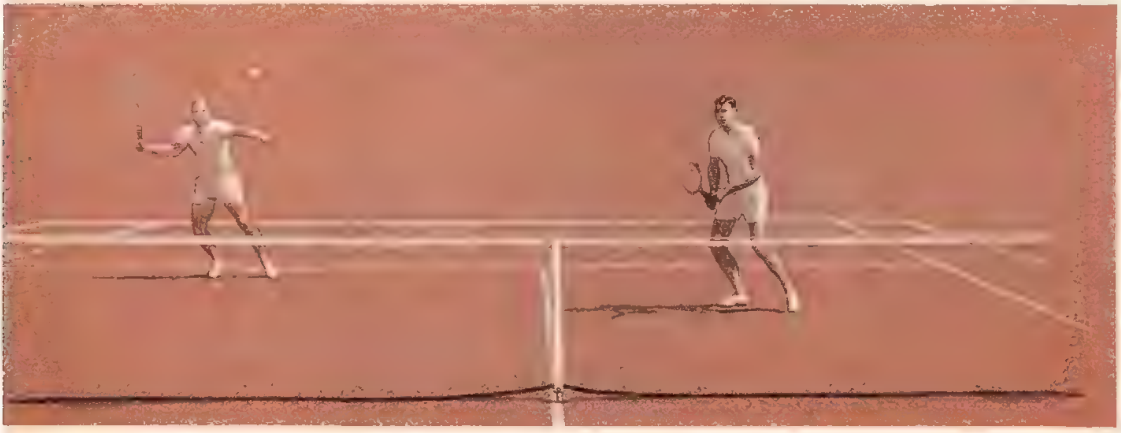
STAR DEMONSTRATORS BUCHHOLZ AND McKINLEY

TENNIS / *William F. Talbert*

How to win at doubles

Drawings by Shelley Fink

SERVING, player is better off with a consistent, well-placed service than with an erratic cannonball. His aim should be to force the receiver into a weak or defensive return. Partner stands eight to 10 feet from the net and slightly toward the outside. Server, in this case McKinley, moves in rapidly after hitting ball, in order to gain proper position for volleying. He should try to reach a point inside service line so he can punch ball for a placement or force opponents into a weak return.



VOLLEYING, server should play his first return deep down the middle if the receiver hangs back. However, if the receiver advances to the middle of the court, the return should be at his feet, where he will have no alternative but a shot from below top of net. Ultimately, server should advance to a position even with his partner and in the middle of his own side of the court. From these stations both players should be able to reach most returns—including angled shots, lobs or dinks over net.

AS PLAYED by Earl Buchholz and Chuck McKinley of the U.S. Davis Cup team (*left*), who demonstrate the basic moves on this and the following pages, doubles is an extremely fast game requiring the ultimate in skill, ingenuity, reflexes and power. Almost anyone who plays tennis at all assumes he can play doubles; to play it well, however, one must master its surprisingly complicated strategy.

Successful doubles, like successful warfare, is based on position, and the winning position in doubles is at the net, where an offense can be maintained. A player should retreat to the baseline only when he is forced back. Once driven there, he must wage a vigorous campaign to return to the net in an attacking position.

The players' exact distance from the net should be determined by their heights, the speed of their reactions and their ability to anticipate the return. As enemy shots are angled left or right, both players should shift (*see below*), the proper distance for each shift depending upon the angle from which the return is about to be made. After each volley, the partners should return to within two racket lengths of each other (*bottom picture*).

A number of circumstances might force a modification of the basic net position. A lob, for instance, should make the net team drop back a step or so. A weak shot should move the net team closer to volley for placement. On the following pages you will learn how best to utilize the attacking position and how, as a result, to win.

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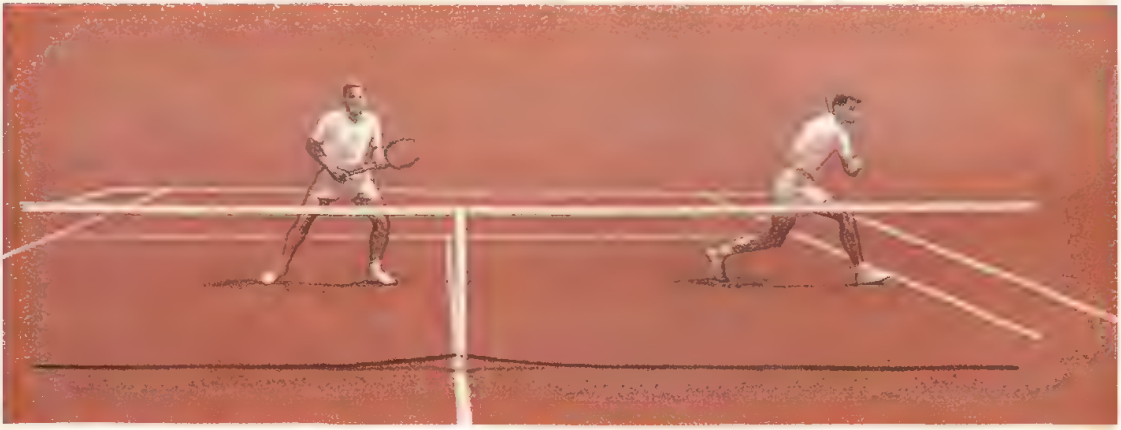
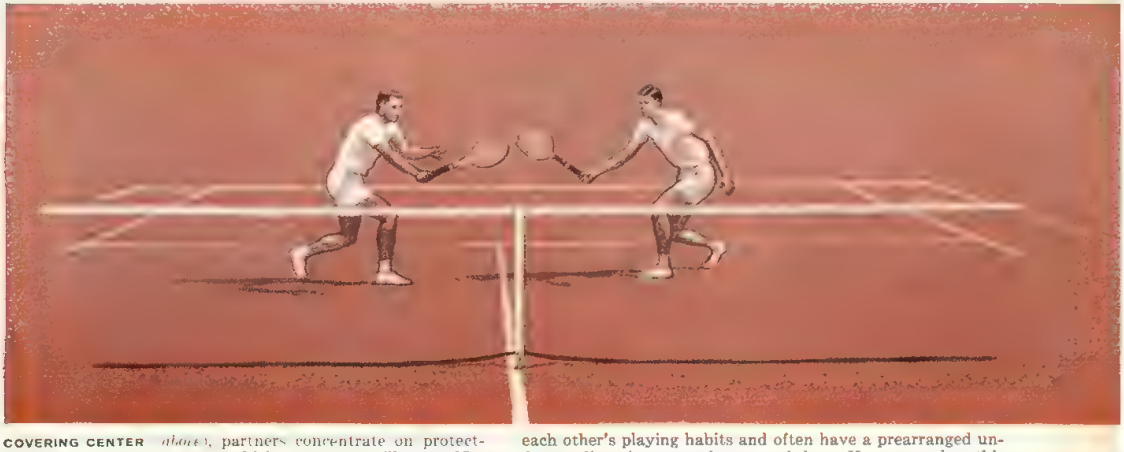


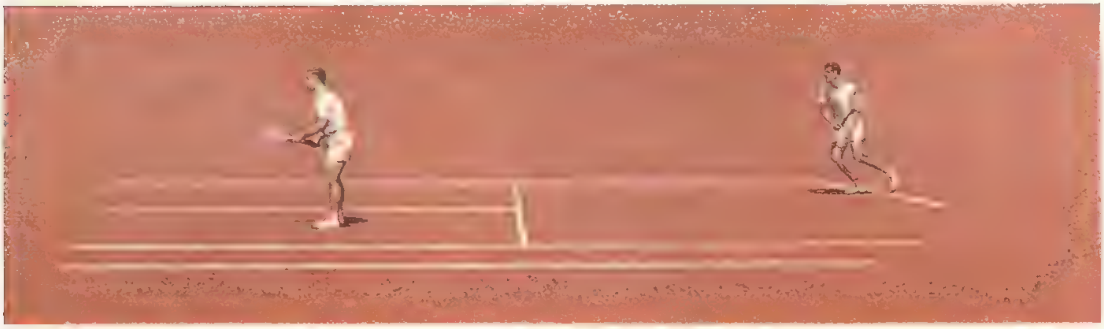
OFFENSIVE POSITION at the net should be practiced until it becomes second nature. Two men stationed approximately 12 feet apart can—as illustrated in these drawings—cover almost the complete width of the net. When the opponents are stroking the ball from a wide angle, or from close in, the net players must shift relative positions to maintain best court coverage. For instance, player at left above is moving to his left with his partner as the latter prepares to return sharply angled shot.



COVERING CENTER *(above)*, partners concentrate on protecting low part of the net, over which most shots will come. Net play depends to some degree on anticipating shots and moving quickly to the ideal position. But experienced partners know each other's playing habits and often have a prearranged understanding about certain types of shots. However, when this is the case the player not handling the shot must move swiftly to cover any section of court exposed by his partner's action.

Defending against the service

THE TACTICS of defense are directed toward the same end as those of offense—that is, to attack at the net as early as possible. If the receiver can make an effective return of service and get well in to the net, he switches the odds on winning the point from 2 to 1 against him to 2 to 1 in his favor. A low, cross-court return, preferably not too fast, gives the receiving team the time it needs to reach the attacking position at the net. Another advantage of this kind of service return, which might better be named an approach shot, is that it cannot be volleyed down or through the receiver's partner. To keep the server and the netman guessing, an occasional flat drive cross-court or down the line should be played by the receiver—or occasionally a lob might be tried. However, the receiver may not always be able to exercise an option of this sort—and a weak return over the net is much better than a spectacular error into it.

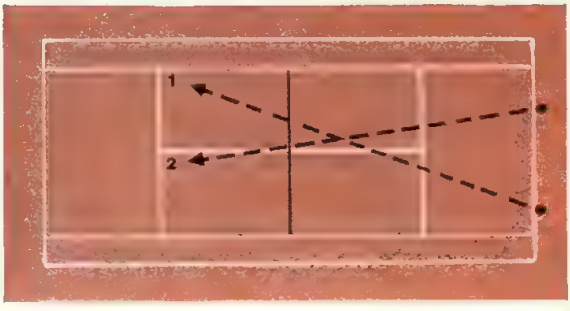


RECEIVING SERVE, player should be a step inside the baseline where he will be able to take ball on the rise. His partner should be at a modified net position inside the service line and close to the center of his service court, ready to volley weak return.

TO ELUDE REACH of the opposing netman, the return of service should be a sharply angled, soft, spinning shot inside the service line. If the ball is correctly placed, the server will be forced to volley up weakly, as the player *(lower left)* does here.

VITAL AREA for receiver is deep in his own backhand corner (**1** and **2**), where server will try to place ball. Most serves are twists hit at about three-fourths speed. Using them, the server usually has greater control, better chance to get to net. But receiver must also be on alert for other types of service and other speeds and targets which server will resort to occasionally to prevent receiver from taking liberties with serve.

Wherever ball is hit, receiver's primary responsibility is to get it back, no matter how he has to hit it. "On a crucial point," Don Budge once said, speaking of his tournament days, "I always had only one thought: keep the ball in play." A return of service, it has been estimated, will result in winning the point 50% of time. The burden then rests on opponents.



You can use signals to vary attack

ONCE a doubles team is absolutely sure of its basic moves, it should work out variations that will keep its opponents off balance. Indeed, surprise changes are an important element in doubles play.

Everybody knows, for instance, that on the serve the man serving the ball stands on one side of the court, and his partner stands on the other. But near the turn of the century some Americans and Australians experimented with a reverse formation for the serving team. Hoping to offset the cross-court return of service, which often forced weak first volleys, they placed the netman on the same side of the court as the server. The trick worked well then and is still used to advantage today.

But it is not only on the serve that doubles partners should try unconventional formations. Using a variety of formations, poaches (that is, switching positions at the last possible instant and covering each other's territory) and fakes, a team can so upset its opponents that they will become distracted and fall into errors, thereby losing points.

The tricky team, too, can err unless 1) it is sure of its moves and 2) it practices its deceptions. To avoid mistakes, partners should develop a reliable set of signals. On many good doubles teams the netman is the person who gives the sign. Before play begins, he turns his back to the net, faces the server and then either flashes one or more fingers or holds his racket in such a way that the server— but no one else on or off the court—knows exactly what to expect and where on the court he is supposed to move.

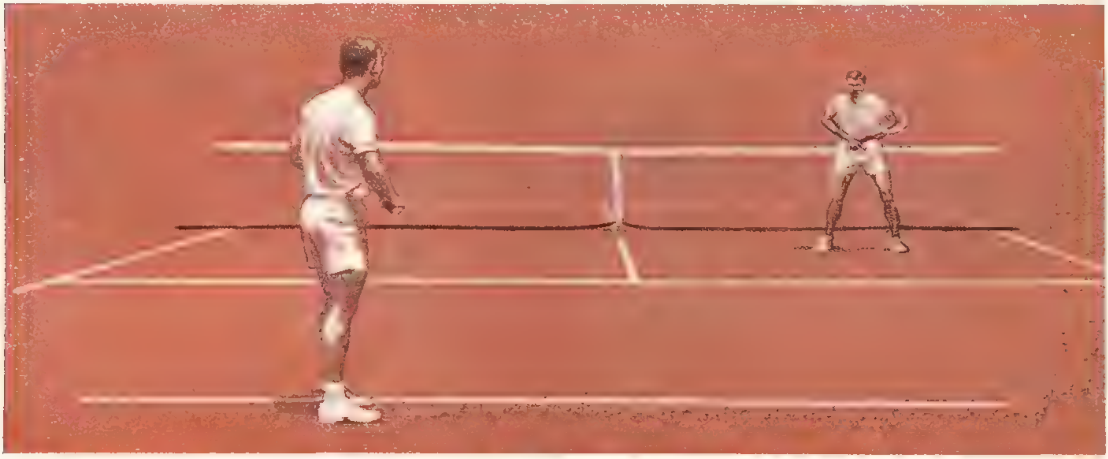
Such tactics not only give a team a variety of offenses and defenses, but they also present a psychological barrier to the opponents. Below are some of the signals worked out by Buchholz and McKinley. Both players review them constantly for one very good reason: they don't want to make mistakes. Nothing can make a team feel sillier—or make it look more foolish—than a tricky maneuver that backfires.

FULL HAND tells server there will be no trick on upcoming serve. Signal is often used to disconcert team's opponents.

ONE FINGER tells server netman will fake poach. Server will run forward, as if netman were crossing and then retreat.

FOUR FINGERS tell server netman will poach on both serves to backhand. Server will cut across to cover exposed area.

TWO FINGERS tell server to place the ball down the middle of court. Tactic minimizes the angle of the opponent's return.



SIGNALING TO McKINLEY, netman Buchholz turns back to opponents and holds hand on racket close to belt where sign cannot be stolen. One-finger sign given here tells McKinley he is going to fake a poach. Buchholz will move early on play to tempt the receiver into hitting hurried shot down the line, and McKinley will fake to right and then go in. True value of signals lies in psychological effect on opponents, who sometimes become hypnotized by movements, forget to follow ball.

CONTINUED

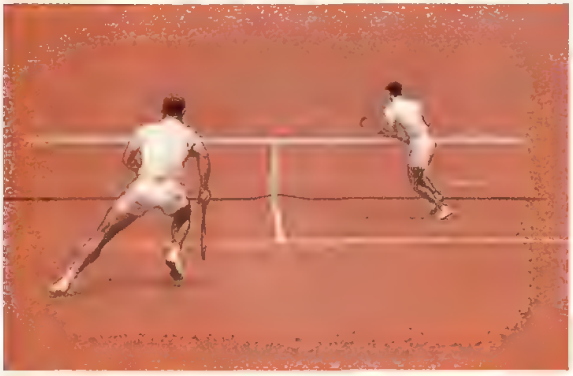
The tricky art of poaching

THE REAL object of all shots in doubles is to force the opponents to volley from beneath the level of the net. Both sides, therefore, must direct their strategy toward getting favorable, put-away shots. Sometimes the conventional ways fail, and a team must find new paths to the right shot.

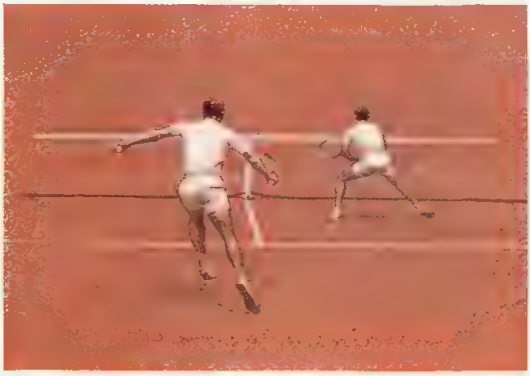
The best and most direct is by poaching. Literally, one man infringes upon another's territory. This can either happen naturally in the course of play, or it can be planned. If it is obvious that the netman can get the better-angled shot even though, by rights, the return belongs to his partner, he should take it. Partners who have played together for a long time know instinctively when each will poach on the other, but it is a good idea to signal a poach whenever possible. If the poaching partner misses the ball, the other will be in a position to cover for him. The successful poacher never commits himself too early, as this would destroy the surprise of the poach. He learns the give-away motions of his opponents' stroke productions, their idiosyncrasies, habits and favorite shots under certain tactical conditions. Once he has committed himself, the poacher never hesitates in his dash to intercept the return.

A variation of the poach (and faked poach mentioned earlier) is the drift. Anticipating a cross-court return, the netman drifts, slowly at first, and then quickly, along the net toward the center of the court where he can drive home a cross-court return.

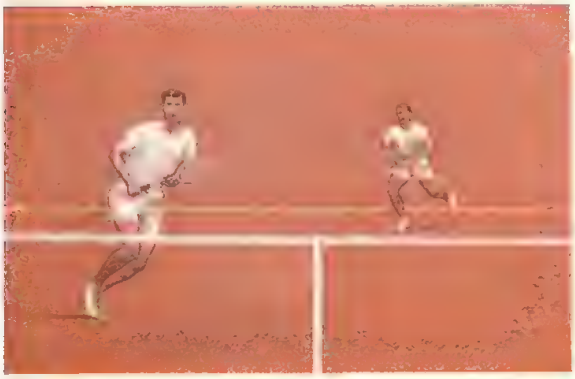
Poaches and drifts can be used to fine effect as long as they are not overdone. Used in excess, however, they can make for poor doubles, drawing the players out of position too often and giving away their tactics. They can also run the legs off a team, since they require an uncommon amount of stopping and going.



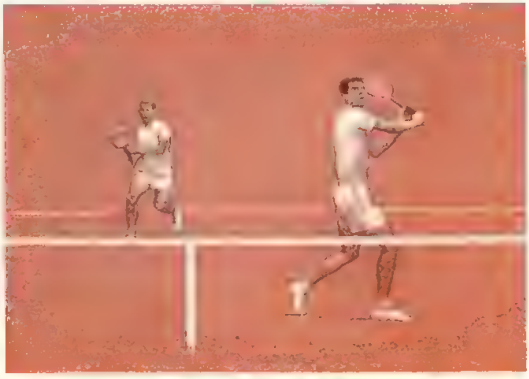
FAKING POACH from conventional serving position, Buchholz, at net, starts to left as ball goes to receiver's backhand corner. Server McKinley starts his move toward the right.



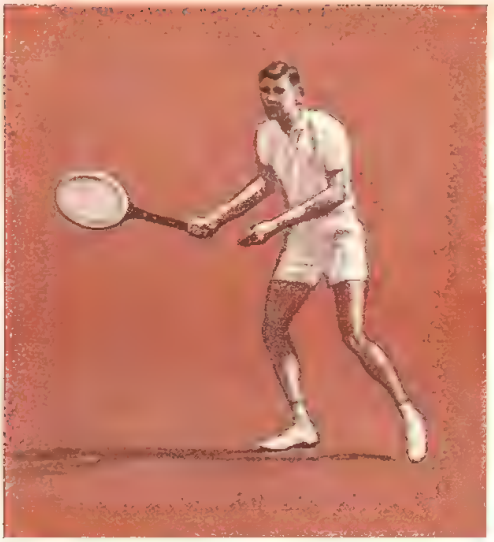
RECOVERING. McKinley steps back to the left and advances quickly to the net. Buchholz draws back to the right. Both players are now in conventional position to volley expected return.



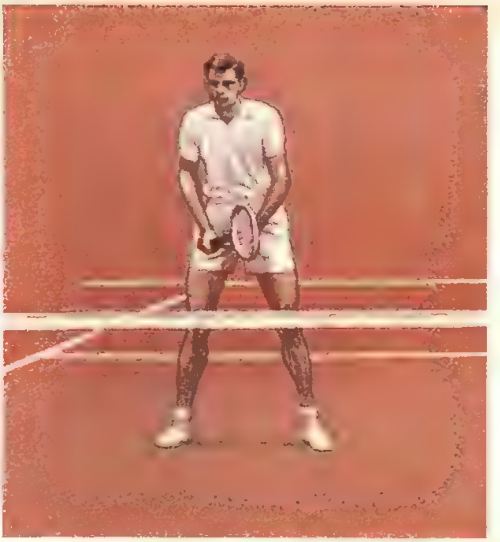
BEGINNING TO DRIFT. Buchholz moves along the net after McKinley's serve has passed him. Netman must be careful not to make the move too soon and thus give away strategy.



FINISHING DRIFT. Buchholz is in McKinley's court, where he now has excellent position for a backhand put-away. McKinley, meanwhile, has crossed to cover the court vacated by Buchholz.



CONCEALMENT is a major weapon in player's arsenal. Like Buchholz (*above*), the best players start every stroke with the same motion, to disguise the speed and direction of the shot.



TARGET AREA at close range should be the mid-section of opponent. With the ball coming fast and straight at him over the net, the player is prevented from making an offensive return.

The summing up

IN AS COMPLEX a game as doubles there are procedural points which have to be left to the common sense of the players. However, there are several areas, in addition to those already covered here, where a knowledge of tested methods can improve one's game.

There is, for example, the problem of each player's responsibility. Generally speaking, a few basic rules govern which return each of the partners should take. They are:

1) A ball hit straight down center should be taken by the player with his forehand toward the center.

2) A lob hit down the middle should be smashed by the man who can reach it with his forehand.

3) During a rapid exchange at point-blank range, the man who last hits the ball should take shots returned in his area.

4) On a return of service hit down the center the netman usually moves over to try to volley it away. However, the server must be prepared to back up his partner if the latter can't make the shot.

There also is the problem of the return of service, which is the most difficult shot in doubles. This stroke, more than any other, determines how the point will go—and the serving team averages two points to every one for the receivers.

The receiving team must get as close to an attacking position as possible. The receiver himself should be a step or more inside the baseline for a first service. Every step that is safe to move in against the particular server is an advantage, as it gives the receiver a better chance to take the serve early and return it offensively at the feet of the incoming server. The partner of the receiver should be at a modified net position, just inside the service line and near the center of his court.

To be a winning combination, a team must realize that it can score as many points by outmaneuvering its opponents as it can with overpowering shots. Both players must be dedicated teammen, and this does not imply the mere mechanical mastery of doubles techniques.

It is the intelligent diagnosis of the opponents' game, finally, that makes the difference between a good team and an excellent one. Most players have a stroke weakness or a court-position weakness or both. A stroke weakness should be exploited by playing it but not by *overplaying* it. Any player will develop a compensating defense of his weakness if it is constantly exploited. Similarly, a court-position weakness should be cashed in when needed, but not exploited to excess.

A good doubles team will note carefully whether the opposing netman is too close to the net or whether he leaves the alley or center unguarded. It will watch to see whether the opponents fail to move to the proper defensive position against a sharp cross-court return and whether returns of service are followed to the net. Once such lapses have been spotted they can be capitalized on for crucial points. And once you have mastered the points here and on the preceding pages you will be ready to play winning doubles. **END**

DOUBLES SOURCE BOOK

Much of the strategy demonstrated in these pages by Earl Buchholz and Chuck McKinley appeared originally, but in somewhat altered form, in the book *The Game of Doubles in Tennis* by William F. Talbert and Bruce S. Old, Henry Holt, New York, $4.95.

Everyman's Olympics

With competing costs down, more able skippers tried for the honors of Olympic racing

SAILING IN BORROWED HULLS, PETER BARRETT WON FINN CLASS OLYMPIC TRIAL

FIFTY YEARS ago, when taxes were lower and money went further, a yachtsman by popular definition was a special sort of amateur who could, and gladly would, pay plenty to race in international competition. This image of well-heeled superamateurs at every helm should have disappeared along with the big America's Cup J boats in the wake of the Depression, but somehow it persisted. Following World War II, a free trip abroad was becoming a standard reward for trackmen, swimmers, wrestlers, boxers, skin-divers, sky-divers and all manner of amateurs, but sailing's superamateurs were still expected to pay their own way to the Olympic Games.

In 1956, when the Games were held half a world away in Australia, some 400 U.S. competitors in 16 other sports got free rides, meals and rooms. It cost the 11 U.S. sailors on the team a total of $50,000 to represent their country. Vic Sheronas, a Philadelphia industrialist sailing in the 5.5-meter class—largest boat of the five classes on the Melbourne program—spent $5,000 to ship his 31-foot hull and $5,000 more on transportation, food and board for himself and his crewmen. And Sheronas' expenses before being chosen were equally steep. Including the price of the hull, the cost of tuning it and racing in the U.S. trials, his total expenses came to $25,000. Another Olympics is upon us, but Sheronas is still paying for the last one.

Hopefully, Sheronas is the last Olympic sailor who will have to mortgage a slice of his life to the archaic notion that sailing is a rich man's game. To give the sailors a fair break at the Rome Games, the U.S. Olympic yachting committee set up a U.S. International Sailing Association to raise $35,000 for the transportation of hulls and men to the 1960 Olympic competition on the Bay of Naples. The USISA is successfully collecting donations from rank and file U.S. sailors. And in this Olympics, for the first time, the central Olympic committee will pay the sailors' living expenses while they are in Italy.

Thanks to such measures, more sailors tried out for the Olympics than ever before. There is, however, a further problem. Many of the country's best skippers do not regularly compete in one of the five classes on the Olympic program. For want of a hull, many do not try out. This summer President Glen Foster and Secretary Harry Anderson of the Finn class—the smallest boat of the five on the Olympic program—worked out a practical and very generous solution to this problem. They issued a blanket invitation to all interested sailors which read, in effect: if you have no Finn hull, we'll help you get one. If you beat us in our trials, you will represent us at Rome.

Foster and Anderson set up a special series of trials at Newport Beach, Calif. and Marblehead, Mass., open only to sailors who did not own Finn hulls. The eight nonowners showing best in these trials were taken into the finals at Marblehead—a remarkably openhanded gesture, considering that the finals were limited to 20 entries.

A sailor who showed up at the

continued

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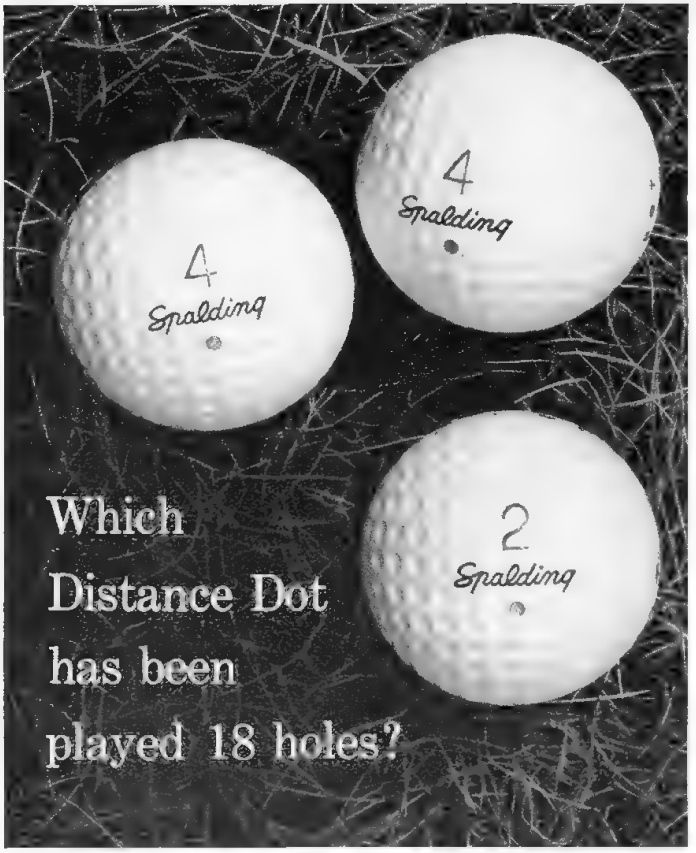

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finals with nothing more than his shorts and nonskid sneakers was assured an equal chance with the most opulent owner. For the finals a group of Finn owners had financed a fleet of 22 new hulls, all formed on identical molds and issued to the competitors in rotation.

This put the premium on ability, not equipment. The nonowners took the invitation literally. When the finals were over a nonowner had won over an owner by a very slim margin. The winner was Peter Barrett of Madison, Wis. who, though he has sailed relatively little in Finns, has a fine reputation as a skipper in the Midwest's C-Scow class. Barrett, an engineering instructor and law student at the University of Wisconsin, drove east for the trials with his wife, baby and mother. They all tented at a public campground 18 miles from Marblehead. "I came because I knew I would have the same chance as anyone racing," Barrett said as he stood at the victory banquet with the winner's plate under his arm.

Many Stars, few Finns

In an old, established racing class, such as the Star—to cite one on this year's Olympic program—there is relatively less need to encourage nonowners to try out. There are 1,500 Star hulls active in the U.S. today. So when one Star skipper wins his local, regional and, finally, the national trials, as Bill Parks of Chicago did in the trials at Atlantic Highlands, N.J. two weeks ago, he has fairly well proved his worth. The Finn class, in contrast, has a national fleet of only 100 hulls, but because the Finn owners encouraged outsiders their finals at Marblehead were crowded with talent. A nonowner Barrett had to beat eight present or past national class champions. By putting their fleet to its fullest use, the Finn sailors made certain that a worthy, battle-hardened skipper would represent them at the Games, and at the same time added stature to their small class. Just which Olympic sailor in which class faces the hardest test to make the team is something that can be argued forever. But the generosity of the Finn sailors has, as President Foster put it, "established a different concept for choosing an Olympic sailor." **END**

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Tip from the Top

WALKER INMAN JR., *Eglin AFB Golf Club, Fla.*

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SOONER or later in a round of golf you come to a hole requiring a great deal of accuracy. The average player, anxious to hit a good shot in these circumstances, hits a bad one. I have found one way that helps me to do better, and it has helped others. I pick a tall object behind the target—a tree or even a cloud—and then I hit the ball as if I were trying to shoot over it.

In order to hit high, accurate shots you have to make a full, complete swing. The ball that has a high trajectory will stop very fast, and most greens will hold it. It is for this very reason that you often see the high shot in the National Open, where, traditionally, the greens are fast.

I find that if I stop my swing short of a high finish position, the ball usually goes wild. I also find that just the thought of hitting a high shot will take my mind off the trouble to the left and right of the target. This is particularly so with my long irons and fairway woods, the clubs, incidentally, which the weekend golfer usually has most trouble mastering. Practice hitting high shots. They are the short cut to accuracy.

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The couriers got through

Neither falling horses nor broken bones daunted an intrepid band of modern pentathletes in the Olympic tryouts

IT IS A PITY, in a way, that nobody has to carry a message to Garcia any more, for the U.S. has never had so many athletes—pentathletes, to be precise—so ideally suited to the task. The military courier of the last century rode, shot, dueled, swam and ran long distances, and these are the feats that 18 young men performed with rare finesse last week at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio during the national championship and Olympic trials.

The best of them, 31-year-old Lieut. George Lambert of Sioux City, Iowa, Paris and Tokyo, wasn't expected to compete. Two weeks before the competition, his horse fell on him, tearing muscles in his chest and arms. But Lambert is a man of extraordinary determination. He entered the strenuous five-day, five-part test anyway, and he gave a performance that would have made Garcia proud. In fifth place at dawn of the last day, Lambert galloped home with the imaginary message and received a real one: he had won.

Normally, the ride is a first-day event, but because of a shortage of horses at Sam Houston it was decided to hold it last and allow only the top 10 to compete. The arrangement worked out beautifully, bringing the competition to a rousing climax.

If he stays in one piece, Lambert should qualify as the most unusual man on the U.S. Olympic team. The owner of a Ph.D. in psychology, he spent this last year at Waseda University in Tokyo studying philosophy. To get back to this country to compete, he volunteered to return to the army as a reserve officer.

Lambert was on the 1956 Olympic team and last year's Pan American and world championship teams, but it wasn't his experience as a competitor so much as his cool self-confidence that brought him through. Nothing flusters Lambert, and he is a master at undermining the confidence of his rivals, not that there was much left to undermine after the fourth event, the punishing 4,000-meter cross-country run through rugged terrain. In the middle of the race there is a small cliff to climb. Ropes are strung down the side, and the runners, already painfully tired, grab on and haul themselves up. To watch them from the top is to view 18 distinct types of agony. They all suffer.

It is hard to say who suffered the most at San Antonio. For Bob Miller, the 30-year-old high school teacher from Seattle, the run meant the end of another Olympic hope. Miller had qualified for the Melbourne squad in 1956, but broke a leg riding during the pre-Olympic training. He did get to the Pan American Games and world championships, and was on the medal-winning teams in both events. But running is Miller's weak point, and in making an all-out try he overran himself, blacked out, staggered through the finish gates at a walk and collapsed.

Bill Vendl lacked the versatile skills needed to make the team, but on guts alone he would make anybody's army a good courier. Shortly after he start-

WINNING PENTATHLETES who will go to Rome are: *(left to right)* Lieut. (j.g.) Robert Beck, Lieut. George Lambert, Lieut. Jack Daniels and Corporal Dick Stoll.

ed the 4,000-meter Vendl stepped into a hole, twisting his ankle. He went on, but the ankle gave way and he plunged over the side of a ravine, rolled some 30 feet to the bottom and fetched up against a tree. He staggered back up to the top and continued the course. Finally, five minutes overdue, he lurched toward the finish gates, barely able to walk and weaving from side to side. Instead of going through the gate, he fell through the tape beside it and was disqualified. Later at the hospital it was discovered that he had two broken bones in his foot (probably from stepping in the hole) and three fractured ribs from hitting the tree.

At day's end

When the run was over, Lieut. (j.g.) Bob Beck was in first place, and Lieut. Alan Jackson, the heavy favorite who missed the last team only because he was eliminated for cutting a control gate in the ride, in second.

"I'm going home and read Buddha scripts," said Lambert. "I think I need some tranquilizing influences."

But Lambert did not get to his scripts—he settled for beer and, so armed, walked the course five times. "I like to have the whole ride planned," he said, "except that sometimes the horse can change my mind for me."

In the draw for horses, Lambert got one of the best. He didn't win, but he didn't have to. He was far enough ahead of Miller, who did, to become individual champion. Beck dropped to second place as he turned cautious with a slow ride.

But the bad luck of the day was all Jackson's. He drew a horse named Breeze which had won several pentathlon events in the past. Breeze unfortunately had different ideas for this one. As Jackson came to the starting gate and the clock started running, he refused to budge. General William Rose, president of the pentathlon association, tried to persuade him to move. Breeze kicked him in the leg. Lambert, aches and pains and all, crashed his 175 pounds into Breeze's rump, like a TV private eye trying to break down a door. The horse moved forward an inch. Finally, combined whipping and pulling by Jackson's supporters brought Breeze out of his trance, and he started the course. But by then Jackson was off the Olympic team. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

The baron takes command

WALDEMAR VON ZEDTWITZ, for more than three decades one of the foremost tournament players in the world, will not be playing on the New York team when it meets Los Angeles next week, but he may be the New Yorkers' most important man. As nonplaying captain, the baron (he inherited the title from his father, a baron of Saxony) was given absolute authority in selecting the New York team of eight players, and he will exercise sole command over all eight in the first intercity match for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy.

There is a growing belief that the recent success of the French and Italian teams in international competition is due in large measure to the fact that their nonplaying captains have exercised similar arbitrary power. Well-suited to his role, Von Zedtwitz should have equal success. His judgment of play and players is superb. He knows the personalities of his team: Helen Sobel, Peter Leventritt, John Crawford, Tobias Stone, Howard Schenken, George Rapee, Edgar Kaplan and Alfred Sheinwold. He also knows their opponents: Lew Mathe, William Hanna, Ivan Erdos, Oliver Adams, Meyer Schleifer, Ira Rubin, Harold Guiver and Edwin Kantar, with Kelsey Petterson as nonplaying captain. Most important of all, the New York players have such complete respect for his judgment and fairness that there is no danger of a player revolt against his decisions.

Long the favorite partner of Harold Vanderbilt, it was with him during the 5th Vanderbilt Cup team championship that Zedtwitz played his best-known hand. Their teammates, Hal Sims and Willard Karn, who had long since completed their hands against Mrs. Ely Culbertson and William J. Huske, knew that the slow-playing Vanderbilt and Von Zedtwitz were 310 points behind, and there was only one deal to play.

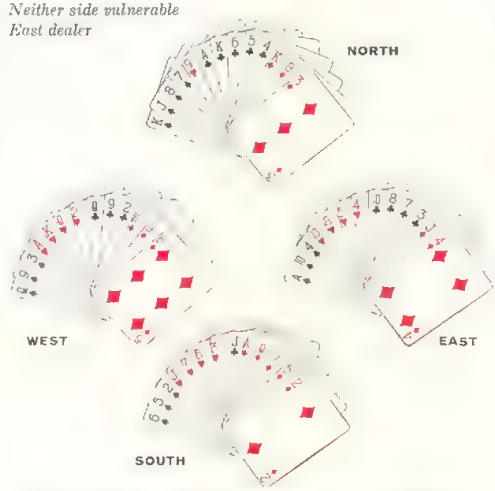
At the other table East-West had been set two at a contract of four spades. When he heard the news that Von Zedtwitz was playing for an 11-trick game, Sims gave up the match as lost. Then it suddenly dawned on him that Waldy had a play for his contract.

"A play for it" was all that Von Zedtwitz needed. He was faced with a tough guess when West, after winning the king of hearts, shifted to the 9 of spades. Was Fry underleading the ace? Von Zedtwitz guessed right, and dummy's jack forced East's ace. At this point a diamond return would have beaten the contract, but East returned a heart for dummy to ruff.

Dummy's club ace was cashed, and then a low club trumped by declarer. A second heart was ruffed and another low club trumped by South, after he had carefully cashed dummy's king of diamonds.

Now Von Zedtwitz cashed his remaining ace-queen of trumps, discarding dummy's low spades. Trumps split, the king of spades put the lead back in dummy, and dummy's king and small club won the last two tricks, the game contract and the Vanderbilt Cup.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer



EAST (*L. Watson*)	SOUTH (*Von Zedtwitz*)	WEST (*S. Fry Jr.*)	NORTH (*Vanderbilt*)
PASS	PASS	1♥	DOUBLE
2♥	3♦	PASS	4♦
PASS	5♦	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: heart king

EXTRA TRICK

Vanderbilt's four-diamond bid is worthy of praise. He realized that his partner probably did not hold four spades or he would have shown that suit after the takeout double of hearts. He recognized the danger of having to trump hearts with his comparatively short spade suit, and thus kept out of the spade contract which was defeated at the other table. In your own bidding follow this precept: when partner doubles one major, show the other major any time you hold four, even in preference to a five-card minor. **END**

THE MONEY AWAY

continued from page 14

were to meet. There were seven entered to run in the $109,400 Brooklyn Handicap, yet only three were accorded a chance of winning. Certainly Sword Dancer, the 1959 Horse of the Year, could win it. Certainly Bald Eagle, which had won the Washington, D.C. International last year and three $100,000 races this year, *could win it. And most certainly,* if neither did, First Landing would. Whichever of these three won, he would be the leading contender for Horse of the Year honors in 1960.

Bald Eagle finished fourth on the sloppy track, Sword Dancer fifth and First Landing sixth as Calumet Farm's in-and-out, up-and-down On-and-On was right-as-rain. In a furious fight through the stretch Ismael Valenzuela got On-and-On, a 15-to-1 shot, up in the last jump to beat Greek Star, a 26-to-1 shot, by a head. Waltz, another horse pretty thoroughly overlooked by the crowd before the race, finished third.

A week before On-and-On won the Brooklyn, Jimmy Jones, Calumet's trainer, was looking over his stable in Chicago from his office at the end of the shed row. He was brooding and indecisive and discouraged. He looked at his grooms sitting down, carefully avoiding work. Jones looked at his army of horses poking their heads out of stalls and slowly, like Hamlet at Elsinore, began a soliloquy. "The men aren't doing anything—the men are wrong. The horses aren't doing anything, so the horses are wrong. I keep my horses in the West, and everyone comes west to beat me. I ship my horses to the East, and everyone stays east and beats me. Perhaps there's something wrong with *me that is making everything go* wrong everywhere. If just once this year I could ship a horse east and have everyone stay there and have him beat them it would perk up my whole stable."

For On-and-On it was one of those strange victories which could not be expected from past performances. It may be that he is a horse which has found "his" race track. On-and-On relishes a hard track, and although Aqueduct was sloppy on top last Saturday, underneath it was like a cement highway. On-and-On's hoofs pounded through the slop and into the hard cushion and got good traction. Bald Eagle, as his rider, Manuel Ycaza, said after the race, "was not Bald Eagle today." Eddie Arcaro, who rode Sword Dancer, suggested that Sword Dancer does not like sloppy going, and Sam Boulmetis said of First Landing, with more truth than originality, "I just didn't have enough horse."

MUDDY, DEFEATED ARCARO WEIGHS OUT

Perhaps the perfect end to all the confusion last Saturday came at Rockingham Park in New Hampshire, where the track was also sloppy, and where Trainer Junie Bresnahan Jr. tried to scratch his horse, The Crack, from the Lawrence Handicap because "he can't run a lick if they so much as spit on the track." The stewards overruled him and, without ever being touched by the whip, The Crack got home in front. **END**

AT WATERY AQUEDUCT ON-AND-ON (7) BEGINS VICTORY DRIVE AS WALTZ AND GREEK STAR (ON RAIL) FALTER IN THE MIDSTRETCH

WHO'S AFRAID OF A LITTLE GAME?

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

Drawings by Marc Simont

Forget that sinking feeling when someone drafts you for field hockey or bridge. Here is expert advice on how to talk your skill up—and yourself out

As an all-round nonathlete, one of the questions I am frequently asked is: Why are you invited to take part in so many sporting contests? It is a good question. Tennis weekends at Southampton, polo matches at Meadowbrook, golf at St. Andrews—invitations to bucket along on such snazzy athletic jaunts are always coming my way with no effort on my part.

And these are only three of perhaps 114 sports at which I display no proficiency whatsoever. Just the other day, over cold expense-account lobster and baby peas at the Plaza, I was urged to play on a field hockey team that was meeting the following Saturday at Greenwich, Conn. As usual, I accepted. I do not, of course, have the slightest notion of how to play field hockey. I cannot recall that I have ever seen the game played. Certainly this was no time for me to learn.

In the car going up, I said casually that I played field hockey the way the British did—I hoped they didn't mind. This caused appropriate consternation and uneasiness among the team members. The day was drizzly and damp, which put the weather decidedly in my favor. When we arrived at Greenwich I made a few rapid-fire calculations. The field looked soggy, and I said so, but added cheerfully, "Well, who's afraid of a little mud?"

There were, on the faces of some members of the team, looks which seemed to reflect grim resignation. Possibly there were those to whom the prospect of playing in the rain was less than merry. However, since the only ones who had showed up on our side were the 11 players, plus one spindly and unusable-looking manager, I knew that if I used a technique which took me out of the game personally, but left the team short-handed, I would be marked unmistakably as a rat. So whatever I did would have to be in the direction of getting the game called off altogether. In a loud voice I said, "You know, I've played this game so much lately that frankly I'm a little sick of it. Darn near threw my stick away. Anybody here get as bored with it as I do?"

Nobody answered, and a few minutes later, as we were lacing ourselves into our uniforms and the rain was coming down with increased velocity, I was wondering desperately if I would be forced to demolish a shin guard with a spiked shoe. "Say," I said suddenly, "we can play hockey any time. But look—here we are, with 12 men on our side, and 12 men on their side. How often do you get a perfect setup like that for six tables of bridge?"

As we sat down at the table, I said, "Of course, I only play the South African transfer." Thus I made the Greenwich trip, had a wonderful time, returned to New York with my friendships unbroken as my shins, and no one guessed that I did not know how to play field hockey —or bridge.

How do I manage to get so much fun out of sport with none of the effort it ordinarily requires? Simple. I have taught myself to talk a good game. Field hockey, I tell everyone, is a wonderful game. I like it almost as much

as Belgian pigeon flying. I find the trips to faroff places that you get when you play field hockey are every bit as exciting as the annual Toulouse-to-Brussels pigeon race. Of course, talking a good game has its own variety of thrills, spills and rewards to the victor. At the last moment, when all else seems to have failed, and you are about to pile out onto the field and disgrace yourself, great resourcefulness is needed if you are to extricate yourself from the situation. To avoid playing field hockey in Greenwich, I used a variety of techniques to create the illusion of playing without actually doing so. This is not so difficult as the bruised noninitiate might think.

Suppose, for example, that like many of us (more than will admit it) you are not a skier. Well, you are still fond of weekends in the country, aren't you? If a friendly voice booms over long distance, "Come up to Vermont for a little skiing!" the invitation will be summarily withdrawn if you mutter lamely, "Yeah, but I can't ski."

What you must do is go, and create the impression of skiing without actually skiing. Of course, in talking a good game, some care is necessary. Certainly there is no sorrier *gaffe* than a sports *gaffe*. I am thinking of the North Shore debutante who, during a discussion of the Patterson-Johansson fight, inquired, "Let's see—is that Sugar Ray Johansson?" Or the fellow who said, in

continued

reference to Bob Feller's 1940 no-run, no-hit game: "I've never followed football too closely." My mother put down the newspaper a few afternoons ago and said, "They're talking about the World Series. I thought they had that last year." It is hard to say which is the more disgraceful—admitting total ignorance of a sport, admitting one can't play it, or using incorrect terms while pretending one *can* play it. But if you know how to talk a good game you need face none of these distasteful alternatives. To show how simple it all is, I have set down a few easily-remembered rules:

I. SHOUT. Nothing creates a firmer impression of athletic ability and knowledge than a confident, even strident, tone. Explosiveness throws your questioner off, makes him think he has accidentally stumbled on the one sport at which you really excel, and causes him to wonder if you aren't a good deal better at it than he is.

II. SMILE. If asked if you would like to do a little trapshooting, smile as you shout, "Trapshooting! By God! Yes." Or laugh cheerily as you come back with a sharp, quick "When?" Chuckle, as if over some private joke.

III. CRY. Well, not really cry—but it is sometimes advantageous, when the name of a sport comes into the conversation, to act sad. Or act insulted. This has the effect of implying that something rather unpleasant once happened to you, long ago, perhaps in a ringtoss game—possibly the loss of a dear friend, or a front tooth. Since the sport stirs up harsh memories for you, it was really very tactless of anybody to mention it in your presence.

IV. USE SPORTING TERMS. This is vitally important—no matter which of the three previous reactions you select. Pepper your speech with all-purpose athletic jargon, such as team spirit, the rulebook, locker room, gear, AAU, trick shoulder, Fanny Blankers-Koen, trick knee, fracture, body English, fans, jock strap, pulled tendon, Peter Dawkins, pulled ligament. Terms such as these, larded into your conversation, will mark you unmistakably as an all-round sports expert. Note that I have mentioned the name of one woman athlete and one man. When the talk turns to women in sport you can put in with: "What about Fanny Blankers-Koen?"

If the sports talk is general you can interject with perfect safety: "How do you suppose Dawkins would have handled it?" (If Peter Dawkins' nickname were Spike—which it isn't—it would be effective to use this. In sports parlance, however, the use of the last name only is common, which means you will appear more knowledgeable if you refer to Peter Dawkins simply as Dawkins.) The word gear is even more useful. It is handy when referring to sports cars and motorboats and Italian bicycles, all of which have gears, and can also be used in this context: "I'd love to play, but darn it, I left all my gear in Chicago!" (Of course, if you are already in Chicago, this must be modified by using the name of some other place.)

These examples are for beginners. For the specialist, or advanced good-game talker, there are key words and authoritative terms to fit specific sports that should be learned. The novice should exercise a bit of caution here. It is important that the key word relating to each sport be carefully selected before it is permanently placed in the vocabulary. The key word should not, to begin with, be an obvious one. Everyone knows that the word umpire relates to baseball. The person who selects umpire as his key to talking a good baseball game is getting nowhere. A more effective baseball term would be "2 o'clock hitter."

In addition, it is wise for the advanced talker to have the name of one important but obscure celebrity for each sport. To continue with our example of baseball, the name of Babe Ruth would obviously be wrong for the important but obscure celebrity of that game. Better would be a name like W. H. Van Cott, who was the first president of the National Association of Baseball Players when it was organized in 1858.

V. DRESS RIGHT. Always have the right clothes for the game -or some of them. Arrive with an expensive, fitted golf bag, but no clubs (they must have been stolen from the trunk of the car). At that weekend of skiing in Vermont, arrive with a handsome pair of ski pants and the left member of a pair of imported ski boots. The right one, by a stupid oversight, was left out of your suitcase by the maid (or wife) who packed for you. Show up for tennis with a white cable stitch sweater, a splendid pair of tennis shoes and no shorts. Or show up with everything but the shoes. Display a broken ski or tennis racket or polo mallet, a cracked lacrosse stick, a bent fencing foil, a leaky regulator for your Aqualung. You leave the impression, this way, that you are not only an enthusiastic and strenuous player of the sport in question, but that, alas, for the time being anyway, you are out of commission.

VI. REFUSE TO BORROW. Always "feel funny" about using someone else's things. Others will almost certainly try to lend you what you need. Do not let them. You must never feel right about accepting borrowed goods. The reason you don't feel right about using someone else's squash racket is that you know how fiercely you guard your own squash racket. You would feel pretty

badly if something happened to that borrowed racket while you were playing with it. What if you broke it? Of course, if the person offering you the racket continues adamant, break it is what you must do, by putting your foot through it on the way to the courts.

VII. ACQUIRE BAD HABITS. Bad habits are the mark of the true athlete, and if you are trying to pose as an athlete you must confess to having picked up some. They will stand you in good stead when it comes to avoiding the contest. In golf, for example, the commonest bad habit is the slice. "I've got to work on this slice of mine gosh knows where I've picked it up," you say. "You fellows play around, and I'll go out and slam a few pails on the driving range." (Note how golfy the poseur's language sounds with the adroit sprinkling of such expressions as "play around" and "slam out" and "pails.") Your companions, of course, will have no way of knowing whether you are working on your slice on the driving range or on a gin and tonic at the clubhouse.

With tennis, the bad habit can be a faulty serve, and with almost any sport it can be: "This funny thing I've been doing with my foot lately. I don't want to play a serious game until I've spent a little time on it—by myself. I think, frankly, I've been using a little too much body English, but I may be wrong."

VIII. FOLLOW BRITISH STANDARDS. As I did in the field hockey and bridge crises, say you "play it the way the British play it." This is a sneaky one. It always helps to build up an atmosphere of discouragement, and it may serve at the last moment when all else has failed, and you are about to have to go out and face calamity. This remark will be received with open mouths and unbelieving stares. Talk loudly, smile and say something about Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow, and then add, "So suppose I sit here and watch you fellows slug it out for a while, until I get the hang of your rulebook."

IX. HAVE AN OLD INJURY. Mention a sports-connected disability. Obviously, ordinary injuries (stubbed toes, sprained ankles, smashed thumbs) or everyday ailments (colds, viruses, stomach-aches) do not carry the weight in the sports world of those directly the result of sport (cracked ribs, separated shoulders, the bends). And if you have been asked to play something, the injury with the most prestige is the one that clearly came about from playing that particular game, and not some other.

X. LOOK FOR ALLIES. Learn to spot other nonathletes. They are your friends. They are on your side, and when the time comes for choosing up sides, this means that you are on the side that's against choosing up sides. When the subject comes up—"Let's all go out and knock the old ball around for a couple of hours before dinner"—you can spot your fellow nonathletes by the way their faces light up too brightly. You will recognize their frozen smiles, their furtive looks at their watches and the way their eyes travel quickly around the room to see how everybody is taking the suggestion. You should sidle over and say, "Gosh, there's nothing I'd like better than a good game of touch football right now, but with this trick knee of mine. . . ." A nonsporting type will give you a quick grateful look, and you can proceed with, "So what do you say you and I have a gin and tonic on the terrace?"

XI. KNOW EVERYTHING. You will have a much better time at sports gatherings and house parties if, in the conversation, you can establish yourself as an expert in one sport and keep steering the conversation back to it. You will have for all sports significant names and phrases, but for this one sport—preferably an esoteric

continued

one—you will be invincible in your knowledge. Falconers being in short supply these days (scarcer than chicken hawks' teeth), you will not find many people who will pick you up on your falconry or want to join you in the field with your tercel to go after a little quarry.

XII. BE EXHAUSTED. Say you've played too much lately. This is a tricky one to bring off. If your host wants a brisk workout with the beanbags, it isn't so easy to squash his plan by sighing that you've tossed so many beanbags lately you're a little sick of it. If a young lady asks you to join her on the trampoline, it is hard to say that where trampolines are concerned you are all bounced out. Invited to explore the *Andrea Doria*, you can't very well imply that you've been down there too often. Some sports, in other words, simply do not lend themselves to this rule. The fed-up-with-it-all routine, however, can be combined with missing or damaged equipment. The phrase "I just threw it away" is a useful one here. A young New Yorker friend of mine was asked to the Harvard Club for lunch and a little squash, and because he was fond of lunch, but not squash, he said, "Thank you, but I got so fed up with squash the other day that I threw away my racket!" His squash-playing friend was immediately sympathetic. "I know just how you feel," he said. "So come over and have lunch anyway."

XIII. HAVE WIDE INTERESTS. Suggest another game. There is on record an occasion where—with a single, last-minute suggestion—a whole roomful of croquet players, beady-eyed with desire for some roughhouse over the wickets, was diverted to an afternoon of dominoes. Clearly, not all the rules are applicable to all cases. And often it is not one rule, but a winning combination of several rules that will save the day. Talking a good game, you see, is really a sport in itself. To play it well, the player must choose his own rules as he goes along—playing it, from time to time, entirely by ear. He must size up his opponent, reckon his strength. When I got out of playing field hockey that afternoon in Greenwich, I really used a combination of Rules XII and XIII—both professing to be fed up with field hockey and, at the last moment, suggesting another game

A great deal depends, of course, on timing, and a great deal more depends on luck. After all, if you are a pure good-game talker, all your efforts should be bent toward forestalling any game, or at least your part of it. Still, there will be times when you will appear to be outnumbered. With the force of a great tide, the handball players will be dragging you onto the court, the softball players will be forcing a mitt onto your hand or the skin-divers will be strapping you into a tank. You must come up with a suggestion, fast, that strikes everyone as a better thing to do than the thing at hand. Only good-game talking of championship caliber will save you here, for the suggestion must be one appropriate to the circumstances as well as one that extricates you from your dilemma. It would be folly at the top of a ski jump to cry out, "Let's all go bowling!"

You should never have permitted things to go that far. **END**

A GLOSSARY OF SPORTING TERMS FOR NONATHLETES

BALLOONING
Weigh-off: to sail away in a balloon, a phrase to be used with great caution.

BASEBALL
The book: This gives you a chance to really show off. In most sports it implies routine performance "by the book" *i.e.*, without inspiration. To baseball players, however, it means action on the basis of proved principles or a player's known weaknesses—*i.e.*, "The book says to pitch him high and away."

BASKETBALL
Ack-ack: said of a player who shoots at the basket all the time.

CHESS
Pushing wood: said of a player who obviously doesn't know what to do, and makes futile pawn moves.

DIVING
Cannon wreck: skin-diver's term for an old wreck.

FISHING
Kill: as to kill a salmon, not catch one.

FOX HUNTING
Length: for distance—*e.g.*, "We came to grief 20 lengths from the brook."

RACING
Leaky roof: a poor track, as "the leaky roof circuit."
Stiffed: a horseplayer's word for the heavy losses he experienced.

SAILING
Fetch: a yachtsman's word for reaching a certain point.

SOCCER
Tip-tap: dainty foot action, in which the player delicately passes the ball to a teammate standing close to him, as "Too much tip-tapping for me."

TENNIS
Mug hunting: said of a tennis player who plays in small tournaments for cups; trophy collecting.
The elbow: tennis player's explanation for defeat.

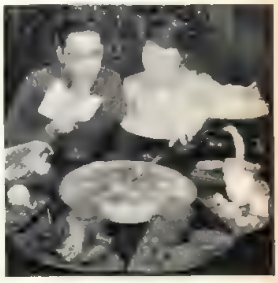
New girl in town
Gina Lollobrigida now lives in Toronto. In LIFE's close-up pictures you'll see how the Canadians reacted to the Italian film beauty, her doctor-husband and three-year-old son.

GOOD LOOKING, GOOD READING

Tragic fires
LIFE's dramatic pictures show how desperate fire-fighters, many airborne, battled out-of-control forest fires in the far West that cost the lives of at least 14 men, blackened timberland in eight states.

Are you normal?
Many psychiatrists agree that there isn't any such thing as a "normal" person. Should we all ask for help or relax and enjoy it? You'll find surprising answers in an absorbing article in the new LIFE.

Teenage cooks
For the hungriest eaters in the U.S., this week's LIFE offers six pages of mouth-watering teenage cookery, plus complete and easily understood recipes that will help youngsters become do-it-yourself chefs.



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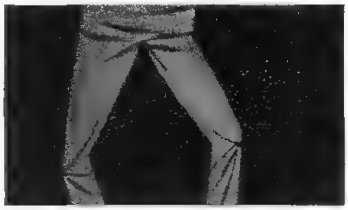

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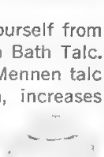

■ STOPS CHAFING ON THE SPOT ■

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—BOB CLEROUX, hulky, 22-year-old Montreal heavyweight, assaulted Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas with mauling, whirlwind attack, finally trapped him in a corner during the fifth round and delighted a Montreal crowd of 12,530 by knocking Harris out with a vicious, two-handed barrage. Energetic Cleroux supporters bounded into the ring after the knockout singing "*Il a gagné ses epaulets*" (He has earned his spurs)" and carried the winner off on their shoulders.
MIKE DEJOHN, Syracuse heavyweight, defeated Dick Richardson of Wales, the European heavyweight champion, when daring Referee Eugene Henderson disqualified Richardson in the eighth round at Porthcawl, Wales for butting. Surly, disgruntled Welsh fans hurled beer bottles, chairs, umbrellas and wads of wet newspaper into the ring, tried to attack Henderson as he was escorted from the ring.

CYCLING—Last three Olympic berths were filled by Jack Simes III, 17, Closter, N.J., Herbert Francis, 20, New York, and Jack Hartman, 23, Los Gatos, Calif., who qualified for 1,000-meter match sprint team in final trials at New York.

FOOTBALL—The brand-new AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE got its autumn-in-July program under way with exhibition games in New York and California. At Buffalo, before a crowd of 16,474, the BOSTON PATRIOTS parlayed two fumbles and two pass interceptions into touchdowns, trounced the Buffalo Bills 28-7 as Quarterback Ed Songin tossed two scoring passes. At San Francisco, with a crowd of 12,000 looking on, former TCU Fullback Jack Spikes rammed over for two second-half touchdowns to lead the DALLAS TEXANS to a 20-13 victory over the Oakland Raiders.
PENNSYLVANIA HIGH SCHOOL ALL-STARS and the NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL ALL-STARS grappled to a scoreless tie in heavy rain and mud at Hershey, Pa.

GOLF—MRS. ANN CASEY JOHNSTONE, resolute 34-year-old Mason City, Iowa housewife, pushed her way through a strong and youthful field while National Amateur Champion Barbara McIntire, JoAnne Gunderson and Judy Eller fell out in the early rounds, defeated Sandra Spuzich, a 23-year-old kindergarten teacher from Indianapolis, 4 and 2 in the finals, won the Women's Western Amateur at Kansas City.
PATTY BERG, 42 but not yet ready to retire, rallied with a 70 in the final round to win the $7,500 American Ladies Open in her home town of Minneapolis, with 72-hole score of 292. It was her first tournament win since this event two years ago. Runner-up: Kathy Cornelius, with 293.
GENE LITTLER, Singing Hills, Calif., the $25,000 Eastern Open at Baltimore, with score of 278 for 72 holes. Runner-up: Gary Player, South Africa, with 279.

HARNESS RACING—CALEB ($46.20), guided flawlessly by Johnny Simpson, kept his stride while seven horses in a field of 10 were breaking theirs, then closed with a rush in final 100 yards to nose out tiring Mr. Pride by a length, won the $114,119 Hilltop Trot at Yonkers Raceway, in 2:07 2/5 for the mile.
CADILLEUS ($7.10), $25,000 National Handicap Pacer, the first U.S. victory for the 9-year-old New Zealand pacer after five failures, by neck over Victory Dinamic, 1:1 a.n. in 2:32 2/5 (track record), Yonkers. Billy Haughton, driver.
MISS SARAH RODNEY ($5), $42,168 Blossom Filly Trot, by length over Pensive Hanover, 1 m. in 2:09 3/5, Yonkers. Jimmy Jordan, driver.

HORSE RACING—On the richest day in history (*see page 14*) long shots won all four major races. At Arlington Park, in the $218,940 Arlington Futurity, PAPPA'S ALL ($9.60), with George Taniguchi up, took the lead coming out of the far turn, held off the closing challenge of Crozier by a half length to win the six-furlong race in a slow 1:11 3/5. In the $131,440 Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park, QUILL ($13.80), Bobby Ussery up, looped the 1 1/16 miles in a sharp 1:42 2/5 to score a surprising nine-length victory over favorite Royal Native. In the $115,125 Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park, Ray Broussard took APATONTHEBACK ($18.40) into the lead at the start, lost it, then got it back in time to win by a half length over Princess Leeyan in 1:13 3/5 for six furlongs. In the $109,400 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct, ON-AND-ON ($33.20), given vigorous ride by Ismael Valenzuela, sloshed from behind over a rain-soaked track to nip Greek Star by a head in 2:03 for the 1 1/4 miles. Never in the running: Sword Dancer, First Landing, Bald Eagle. Earlier in the week DOTTED SWISS ($3.20), Eddie Burns up, bucked up Hollywood Gold Cup victory with easy 8-length win over Nickel Boy in $109,200 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park, in 2:40 1/5 for 1 5/8 miles.

MOTOR SPORTS—JOAKIM BONNIER, Sweden, hurled his silver Porsche through heavy, perilous fog and rains at the Nurburgring, surrendered the lead only briefly early in the race, came on to win the Grand Prix of Germany in 1:55:12.1, an average speed of 80.3 mph. Second was Wolfgang von Trips of Germany, also driving a Porsche; third, Australia's world champion, Jack Brabham, driving a Cooper.
FIREBALL ROBERTS, Daytona Beach, Fla., the Dixie 300, in a Pontiac, at Atlanta. Winning speed: 112.73 mph. Runner up, Cotton Owens, Spartanburg, S.C., in a Pontiac.

ROWING—DETROIT BOAT CLUB, Royal Canadian Henley Regatta team title, with 297 points, a. Port Dalhousie, Ont. Runner-up: St. Catharines Rowing Club of Ontario, with 246.5.

SWIMMING—High U.S. hopes for an Olympic gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle were badly squelched when JEFF FARRELL of Wichita, Kans., first freestyler ever to beat two minutes for 200 meters, came down with appendicitis, was operated on in Detroit, now appears to be unavailable for Rome.

TENNIS—JULIE HELDMAN, slender, dark-haired New Yorker, abandoned her power game to concentrate on placements, exhausted Mimi Henreid of Santa Monica, Calif. in finals, to win National Girls 15-and-under championship 6-1, 6-1 at Cincinnati. The doubles title was won by PATTY BARTH of San Diego and MARGARET TAYLOR of San Marino, Calif., 6-0, 6-2, over Miss Henreid and Joanne Swanson.
BILL LENOIR, Tucson, Ariz. dispatched Frank Frohling, Coral Gables, Fla. 6-2, 6-0, 6-3, in 65 minutes, to win National Junior championship; MIKE BEIKIN, Coral Gables, swept quickly by Mickey Schad, Louisville, 6-1, 6-0, in 35 minutes, for Boys 15-and-under title; at Kalamazoo.
ITALY, the European Zone Davis Cup champion ship, for the sixth time in seven years, 3-2 over Sweden, at Baastad, Sweden. Italy now moves into the next round against the eventual American Zone champion, probably the U.S. The winner will meet Australia in the Davis Cup challenge round this December.

TRAPSHOOTING—ARNOLD RIEGGER, Castle Rock, Wash., and Lieut. JAMES R. CLARK, Bartlesville, Okla. won spots on U.S. Olympic team as Riegger smashed 293 clay pigeons out of possible 300, Clark hit 292, in final trials at Fort Benning, Ga.

YACHTING—FIGARO, owned and sailed by William T. Snaith, Weston, Conn., King of Sweden Cup for transatlantic race from Bermuda to Marstrand, Sweden, in corrected time of 16 days 20 hours 20 minutes 28 seconds.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: BETSY RAWLS, of Spartanburg, S.C., four-time winner of the U.S. Women's Golf open, holder of the records for most Ladies PGA tournaments won in a year (10) and most prize money earned ($26,774), both set in 1959, to the LPGA Hall of Fame.
RETIRED: SLATER MARTIN, the smallest (5 feet 10) and oldest (34) player in the National Basketball Association, after 11 years and 745 regular season games as a pro. Martin, a brilliant playmaker and defensive specialist, played on six NBA championship teams and in more playoff games (92) than anyone in NBA history.
HONORED: C. RAY ROBINSON, president of the Golden Gate Fields Track in Albany, Calif.; named the Jockey Guild's "Man of the Year" in racing.
DIED: MARTY KAVANAUGH, 69, infielder with the Detroit Tigers, Cleveland Indians and St. Louis Cardinals from 1914 to 1918, who set a major league record with 11 successful pinch-hitting appearances in a row; of a heart attack, in Taylor, Mich.
DIED: WELKER COCHRAN, 63, six-time world three-cushion billiard champion who trained for matches with hours of rigorous roadwork and in 1945 defeated Willie Hoppe in a 4,800-point 90-game match that toured 13 cities from coast to coast; of a heart attack, in Belmont, Calif.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

COVER—Jon G. Zimmerman 4—Marion Nathan 6—New Orleans Times-Picayune 8—Bruce Brown 10—Jack Fleming, Acme, Fleming-Hamilton Syndicate, Tom Carson, UPI, C. Richard Lee, Hartford Times 10, 11—Harry Schwarz 12—Bill Cierpe, Cross 13—DPA 16—George Barbadoro 24, 25—Pete Walch 26—John C. Zimmerman 27—Hank Walker and Marie Hansen 28—Bob Morgan 37—John Bryson 39—Jason Bower, Harold Feldman 52—Ted Peterson 57—Nat Fein 58—Ray Wu 61—Richard Meek 69—A.P. 70—U.P.I., Hans Knopf-P.I., A.P., Jim Bath-All 72—A.P.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

BRIGHT NEWCOMERS were Reds' Gordon Coleman, who hit .323, Giants' Juan Marichal, who won third complete game.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Pittsburgh Pirates** swept three games with the Cards and moved back into first after one day out. Pacing the hitters was Outfielder Bill Virdon who, since being reinstalled as a regular, has brought up his BA 40 points in a month. Hurt by a sudden slack in home runs, the **Milwaukee Braves** unloaded five in one game to batter the Dodgers. Manager Dressen began fiddling with his lineup. He "rested" Johnny Logan, played Al Dark at third, made Lee Maye and Mel Roach coteenants of left field. Explained Dressen: "This is the best bench I've ever had, and that includes my years at Brooklyn. And remember, we got this bench even though nobody would trade with us. It wasn't easy." The **Los Angeles Dodgers'** Don Drysdale and Stan Williams looked like the best pitching pair in baseball. Drysdale won his sixth game in a row, Williams ran his record to a major-league-leading 11 2. Lone storm cloud: Johnny Podres came down with his annual backache; it starts in July, ends sometime in August. To strengthen their bullpen and infield, the **St. Louis Cardinals** bought Bob Grim from the Reds, brought up Shortstop Julio Gotay from the minors. Gotay, 21, got a bad case of butterflies two springs ago and now claims he has ulcers; X rays prove negative but he still likes to moan about his "sick boiler." Reserves stepped into the **San Francisco Giants'** lineup and the club snapped out of its dismal funk. The Giants won five straight, seven out of eight, but couldn't get out of fifth place. Johnny Antonelli again looked sharp in his new role as full-time reliever, and Orlando Cepeda shook a slump by holding the bat lower and not so far back. The **Cincinnati Reds** made nine errors in three games and blew them all. The third loss followed a wild throw by "Golden Glove" Shortstop Roy McMillan, installed at second base for defensive reasons. Manager Hutchinson stoked up a bean-ball squabble with the Dodgers. If his boys keep getting hit, warned Hutch, the Reds will settle things "in our own way." The **Philadelphia Phillies** got clutch homers from Clay Dalrymple and Bobby Del Greco, strong pitching from Dallas Green to cuff the **Chicago Cubs** three in a row. The Cubs missed the bat of Ernie Banks, who had produced only two home runs, five RBIs in 19 games.

Standings: Pitt 57-39, Mil 54-40, LA 52-42, StL 53-44, SF 50-43 Cin 42-54, Phil 38-59, Chi 35-60

TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Ch	Sievers	19	Minoso	11	2 tied with	9	
NY	Maris	31	Mantle	26	Skowron	18	
Balt	Gentile	12	Hansen	11	Robinson	9	
Clev	Held	15	Piersall	13	Romano	10	
Wash	Lemon	26	Allison	10	Killebrew	10	
Det	Colavito	21	Maxwell	15	2 tied with	9	
Bos	Williams	17	Wertz	11	Malzone	9	
KC	Sieberr	12	Carey	9	2 tied with	8	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Stuart	13	Skinner	12	3 tied with	9	
Mil	Aaron	28	Mathews	21	Adcock	18	
LA	Howard	17	Snider	12	Moon	9	
StL	Boyer	20	Spencer	13	White	11	
SF	Mays	21	Cepeda	17	Kirkland	11	
Cin	Robinson	20	Post	14	Pinson	9	
Phil	Herrera	15	Del Greco	8	Wallers	8	
Chi	Banks	28	Thomas	15	Altman	8	

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Maris, NY (.302)	71	50	121
Mantle, NY (.274)	82	37	119
Minoso Chi (.310)	58	54	112
Allison, Wash (.274)	57	42	99
Sievers Ch. (.320)	58	40	98
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mays SF (.340)	72	53	125
Aaron Mil (.282)	66	49	115
Banks Chi (.285)	61	53	114
Clemente, Pitt (.312)	58	54	112
Skinner Pitt (.297)	65	46	111

Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Chicago White Sox**, readying for the stretch drive, flattened the Senators and Red Sox. Early Wynn beat both, and Gene Freese slapped base hits all over Fenway Park. Said Freese, after eight hits in two days: "It's all in the mind." Casey Stengel shook up his sputtering **New York Yankees**. He jerked 9-2 Pitcher Jim Coates from the starting rotation, stuck Hector Lopez on third and dropped an ineffective Mickey Mantle to sixth in the batting order. The shakeup had an immediate effect: two losses to the usually friendly Athletics. After three surprising months of good hit, weak pitch, the **Baltimore Orioles** were back in their old mold. They lost 2-1 and 3-1, won 5-0 and 4-3 on impressive pitching by Steve Barber and Chuck Estrada. Barber one-hit the A's, then shelled out $50 to have one of the game balls cast in bronze. Manager Richards announced he would periodically rest Ron Hansen, who has lost 30 pounds since the start of the season, and slumping, boo-ridden Gus Triandos. The **Cleveland Indians** lost six out of seven, and their own press started writing them off as contenders. The Tribe's troubles mounted: Piersall and Lane, a broken finger for Woodie Held, a lackluster showing at the gate. Luckily, the vagabond Rocky Bridges arrived to freshen the air. Obtained from Detroit, he flashed a tobacco-flecked grin, quipped: "At least I'll be playing in a town I can spell. I'm just glad to stay in the majors." The **Washington Senators** snatched three straight comeback victories, sent longing looks toward the first division. "Our guys really want to win," said Outfielder Pete Whisenant. "We want some of that first-division money and doggoned if I don't think we're going to get it." The **Detroit Tigers** had trouble winning, but they almost set a nice new record. They dragged through a 4-hour 48-minute night game, 10 minutes short of the league mark. Once again, the **Boston Red Sox** lost their best all-round ballplayer for the season. This spring it was Jackie Jensen; now it's Gary Geiger, who has been hospitalized with a mysterious collapsed lung. The **Kansas City Athletics** concentrated on pepping up their ticket sales. A total sale of 850,000 would put legal barbed wire in the way of moving the club from KC. Said the **Kansas City Star**: "This is big league territory, and we've got to keep it big league."

Standings: Chi 57-40, NY 53-39 Balt 54-45, Clev 48-45 Wash 46-48 Det 44-49 Bos 39-55 KC 36-56

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Chi	Pierce	10-6	Staley	9-5	Shaw	9-8	
NY	Coates	9-2	Ditmar	8-7	Turley	7-2	
Balt	Estrada	11-5	Wilhelm	8-6	Pappas	8-8	
Clev	Perry	11-5	Bell	9-8	Grant	6-5	
Wash	Pascual	9-5	Stobbs	8-4	Ramos	6-11	
Det	Lary	9-9	Moss	8-7	Bunning	6-8	
Bos	Monbouquette	11-8	Brewer	7-8	Fornieles	6-1	
KC	Daley	12-8	Hall	6-7	Herbert	6-10	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Law	13-5	Friend	11-7	Mizell	7-5	
Mil	Burdette	11-6	Spahn	11-7	Buhl	10-4	
LA	Williams	11-2	Drysdale	9-10	Roebuck	8-2	
StL	Jackson	13-8	Broglio	11-5	McDaniel	7-3	
SF	Jones	12-10	McCormick	10-6	Sanford	9-8	
Cin	Purkey	10-6	O'Toole	8-9	Hook	7-11	
Phil	Farrell	7-2	Conley	7-6	Roberts	7-9	
Chi	Hobbie	10-13	Elston	6-5	Ellsworth	4-8	

Based statistics through Saturday, July 30

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THREE FACES OF RUTH: THE BABE, YANKEE KELLER, THE BABE AND ACTOR BENDIX

THE OLD ONE-TWO

Sirs:

Who is this guy Walter Bingham? In his article *Baseball's only Big League* (July 25) he does nothing but run down the American League unmercifully!

Maybe, just maybe, Bingham might be able to handle the coverage of a Bloomer Gir. League.

JIM RUTTER

Lincoln, Ill.

Sirs:

Walter Bingham hit the nail on the head.

MIKE PINCUS

Waynesburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I found it very reassuring to learn from Mr. Bingham that the recent "sweep" of the two-game All-Star series was proof positive that the National League ". . . can play baseball much better than that other outfit."

You see, I've been a faithful follower of the Athletics for more than two decades, and, frankly, I was on the verge of believing that just because the Yankees often finished 30 or more games ahead of them, the Yankees were the better team. Now I realize this is utter nonsense, since in several of these same seasons the A's, in fact, "swept" two games in a row from the Yankees.

WILLIAM T. CLEM

Lansdale, Penn.

Sirs:

Comparing the performances of the few players who have been in both leagues does not prove a thing. This is the basic difference between the two leagues: the National League teams sign and develop their own stars, while the American League relies mainly on trades. The results are plain to see.

ROBERT P. RUSSELL

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Thanks to Mr. Bingham, we in the Chicago area now know what it is the Cubs are doing in their vine-covered paradise.

Occasionally, a brilliant ray of light falls in the dark corners of fan ignorance, and *who are we to deny such illuminating* logic? Oh well—goodby Fox, Aparicio and Minoso! Hello Gernert, Hatton and Freeman! Oh boy—real major league baseball at last. I can hardly wait.

FRANK BRUNO

Wheaton, Ill.

Sirs:

Phooey!

PETER SANDERSON

Woodmere, N.Y.

FAMILY FUN

Sirs:

You couldn't have picked a better theme for your story (*The Kids Are In*, July 18). I think one of the reasons that we at Historic Track enjoyed large crowds and such enthusiasm this year is because parents were allowed to bring their youngsters.

PHILIP A. PINES

Goshen, N.Y.

TWIN SLUGGERS

Sirs:

How many of your readers have pointed out to you the remarkable resemblance between Yankee Slugger Charlie Keller and Yankee Slugger Babe Ruth? Too bad Keller didn't make the movie instead of William Bendix.

RAYNOR H. ALLEN

Memphis

● For a comparative screen test of cinema Babes, see above.—*ED.*

BULL'S STALLIONS

Sirs:

"Bull Hancock, the Kentucky breeder whose stallions include Bold Ruler and Nashua" *The Mysterious Baby Treatment* (Aug. 1). It seems to me a breeder named Leslie Combs II purchased Nashua. Right?

WALTER TURRET

New York City

● Right. But Bull Hancock has many other claims to distinction (*see page 30*). ED.

GOING GIRLS

Sirs:

I am glad to see that you have taken a definite stand on women in sports (EDITORIALS, July 25).

As a parent and grandparent I feel that girls have not been given a fair deal in competitive sports in this country. We have the best school system in the world for competitive sports. *But* this system is all for the boys.

Eventually those holding Victorian ideas will die off, and then we will begin to be proud of our girls in international competition. Fortunately, this is already the case in skiing and in swimming.

RALPH C. CRAIG

Hague, N.Y.

SEQUENCE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW MECHANICS OF BARBER'S SUCCESSFUL SWING

THE BARBER SWING

Sirs:

Having seen his reluctance to doff his hat after winning the Tournament of Champions, your story had all the impishness of the Jerry Barber I imagine (*A Barber with a Razor Edge*, July 25).

Is there any chance of our seeing a series of photographic stills showing his swing?

WILLIAM HEPTIG

New York City

● Have a look (*above*).—ED.

Sirs:

Yes, the girls *are* "on the go-go-go" (*Girls on the Go-Go-Go*, July 25).

MARY MILLER

DeKalb, Ill.

Sirs:

On August 11 and 12 contract bridge history will be made by an intercity challenge match between New York and Los Angeles. Bridge players and sports enthusiasts throughout the country are looking forward to this event, both as a contest and as a scene for expert performance. But the intercity match is as yet incomplete.

What about the ladies? Considering that a majority of the tournament and social bridge players in the United States are women, I believe that a similar match between the women of Los Angeles and New York would be followed with considerable interest throughout the country. Whether or not the match could be presented for public viewing, I strongly suggest that it be arranged.

WILLIAM HANNA
Los Angeles Open Team

Los Angeles

ONE FOR MARIS

Sirs:

What a lousy statement to make about a ballplayer, namely, your comment on Roger Maris going 0 for 6 in the All-Star Game (19TH HOLE, July 25).

How do you feel now that he has hit four home runs in the seven games after the All-Star Games?

BILL WEAVER

Fargo, N.D.

● Great! Just as we felt a little earlier (*Double M for Murder*, July 4) when we reported Maris and Mantle had put the Yankees back on the road. But that doesn't change the fact that he went 0 for 6 in the All-Stars.—ED

WINGS TO PARADISE

Sirs:

As an airline whose major destination is Tahiti we were very dismayed that your articles mentioned only the foreign air carrier serving Tahiti (*The Enchanted Suburbs of Tahiti*, July 11).

Although South Pacific Air Lines is the newest U.S. air carrier and the smallest of all international air carriers, we are, we feel, worthy of mention as the only U.S. carrier serving Tahiti.

J. D. FESSIO

San Francisco

D FOR REPUBLICAN

Sirs:

I would hasten to inform you of your poor caption for John Kennedy's picture (*D for Democrat*, July 25).

While Kennedy himself is certainly a Democrat, the majority of graduates from Dexter are staunch Republicans.

RICHARD M. DRURY

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

● Kennedy's Republican senatorial colleague Leverett Saltonstall for one. —ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK

TERRY BURNETT

'My daddy always told me'

It was 7:30 a.m. at the Crystal Beach pier in Destin, Fla. when 11-year-old Terry Burnett first saw the shark's fin cutting the water. Terry —all 51 pounds of him—scooted for his tackle and hooked the shark on his second cast. "He started going up and down the pier [650 feet long]," Terry says, "and me with him. About half a dozen times, I guess." The boy's big worry was that his 200 yards of 50-pound test line might not do the job. "My daddy always told me not to horse 'em in. So I didn't; I played him." Terry got help from the 50 onlookers only when the shark headed toward the pier's pilings. "I didn't want him to get tangled, so I'd yell 'Stomp!' " Each time the crowd would stomp its feet, and the shark would retreat.

At 9 a.m. an elated Terry brought the 500-pound shark to the side of the pier, and 10 men dragged it onto the beach. "My daddy warned me about being in the water where sharks are," Terry conceded, "but he never said anything against hooking 'em."

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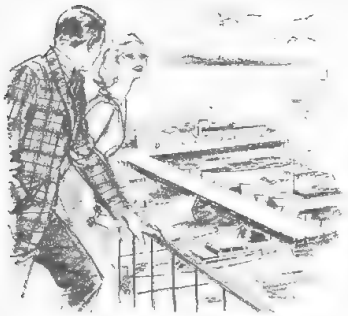

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TALKING POINT FOR CRICKET

A famous author and player explains what the game really means to all good Englishmen

by ALEC WAUGH

AMERICAN summer visitors to England often ask to be shown a cricket match, but few of them watch it very long. Nothing is happening, they complain. There is no excitement, no cheering, only an occasional clop. "Does it really go on like this all day?" they ask. "It does," I tell them. "And is it true that sometimes at the end of it all there's no result? It's what you call a draw?" "That's so," I say. "And you yourself used to spend most of your summer playing a game like that?" "I did." "Well, what's the point to it?" To that question there is one answer only, but it is all-sufficing: "The men you play it with."

The average day of a club cricketer, such as I myself was, will explain what I mean. The difference between club and first-class cricket lies less in the quality of the play than in the fact that each side in a first-class match has two innings, but in a club match only one, with the game finishing in a single day. The hours of play are from 11:30 to 6:30, with an extra half hour if there is a chance of finishing the game. Three or four times a week during the summer, I would leave my London flat soon after 10, carrying in a long, narrow leather bag my bats, pads (leg guards), flannels, sweater, blazer.

RELAXING IN CASUAL CONVERSATION, TWO PLAYERS RECLINE IN DECK CHAIRS WHILE

The match would be against one of the suburbs or near suburbs that lie within an hour's drive of Hyde Park Corner—Sutton, Surbiton, Pinner, Wimbledon—and I would aim to reach the ground with 20 minutes to spare, so as not to have to hurry over my dressing.

The players' pavilion would be half full when I arrived. The players would be of any age between 20 and 55. There would be university graduates on vacation, Indian army officers on leave, stockbrokers taking a day off, retired businessmen. Most of us would know each other or about each other, and there would be a genial atmosphere of reunion as we changed into our uniform of white long-trousered flannels and studded white buckskin boots. We would all wear brightly striped flannel blazers. Few of them would be similar. Most cricketers by the time they are 30 have acquired the right to wear the colors of half a dozen clubs, and it is their curious custom to refrain from wearing the colors of the side for which they happen to be playing. By 25 past 11 the pavilion would look like an herbaceous border.

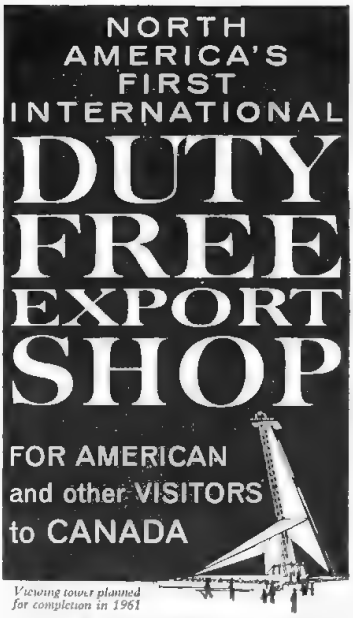
It is now time to toss for choice of innings, and the rival captains walk out onto the field. A coin is flipped into the air. In a one-day match the winning of the toss is a big advantage, and the winner returns to the pavilion with a grin. "We're batting, boys. Frank, will you and Arthur open?" He pins a sheet of paper onto the door; it is the batting order, and the members of his side crowd around it. I shall look for my name in the lower half. I am one of those batsmen who gets runs quickly, if at all. I see myself posted at No. 8, which means that I am very unlikely to have anything to do before lunch, which is at 1:30. I arrange a deck chair in the shade and settle down to watch the cricket.

AWAITING THEIR TURN TO BAT IN GAME

Some Americans, even if they have never seen cricket played, are familiar with the rough outline of the game, in the same way that most Englishmen are familiar with the pattern of baseball. Some Americans know, for instance, that cricket is played between two sides of 11 players; that the object of each side is to score more runs than the other; that wickets consisting of three stumps (stakes) about 2 feet high covering a width of 9 inches are set 22 yards apart; that a batsman protects these wickets with a paddle-shaped bat against a ball that is bowled (pitched) with a straight wrist and elbow; that a batsman stands at each wicket and a run is scored when the ball is hit sufficiently out of reach of the fieldsmen for the batsmen to change ends; they may change ends as often as four times as the result of a single stroke. A ball hit to the boundary counts four runs and over the boundary six runs. A batsman continues his innings till he is dismissed, which he can be in any of several ways: if a ball from the bowler hits his wicket; if he obstructs with his body a ball that would have hit his wicket; if, when he is running, his wicket is thrown down before he can reach his base; if a fly ball is caught. A side continues to bat until 10 men have been dismissed and no one is left to join the remaining batsman or until the captain decides that his side has made enough runs and declares his innings closed, in the hope of dismissing the other side for a smaller total before 7 o'clock.

The average American may know that much about cricket and the average Englishman may have an equivalent knowledge of baseball, but neither knows the fine points of the

continued



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CRICKET *continued*

other's game, and I have met few Americans who have appreciated that both the strategy and tactics of cricket turn on the element of time. A club side has to win its match within seven and a half hours. Runs must be made quickly, wickets must be captured quickly; a large score is useless if it is made so slowly that no time is left to dismiss the other side. A fast 25 can win a match, a slow 60 lose it. Your eye is always on the clock. That is what makes cricket such a fascinating game to watch and play, and that is why a drawn game is a match with a result. One side has prevented the other side from winning.

As I take my seat in a deck chair under the trees, I shall be hoping, thinking in terms of time, that by lunch my side will have made 150 runs for the loss of not more than four batsmen, 250 runs being a good score for a side in a one-day game.

To the uninitiated onlooker the first half hour of a one-day game will seem singularly placid, but in fact the atmosphere is tense. Much depends on that half hour. The batsmen are getting used to the condition of the pitch. A warm sun following a night of rain makes the ground susceptible to spin. The bowlers are fresh. A new ball is used at the start of every innings, and while the shine is still on it and before the seam has been battered flat it can be made to swing in the air disconcertingly. Each delivery needs careful watching. The batsmen are not running risks. Very often during the first quarter of an hour more than one of them will be dismissed. If that happens, the play becomes more cautious still and conversation in the deck chairs under the trees grows desultory.

After half an hour or so I shall probably say to the man next to me, "Let's see what the bowling's like." That is an invitation to saunter around the field and stand by one of the white sight screens which are set at each end of the ground. They are in a direct line behind the wickets, so that the ball may be watched against a clear background. It is only when you stand behind the bowler that you can tell if he is making the ball turn, in which direction and how much. We stand there for a few minutes watching, commenting on the technicalities of the play, then we move on, talking of other things. We have known each other off and on for maybe a dozen years, and we have a lot in common.

We rejoin the others under the trees, and the morning passes slowly. Possibly batsmen are dismissed more quickly than had been expected, and by quarter past one I find myself next

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alec Waugh has been a prominent English novelist and author of travel books and biographies for the past 40 years. His books include *Island in the Sun* and his latest, *Fuel for the Flame*. He travels extensively and has a gourmet's interest in food and drink. He still watches cricket and rugby and he plays some golf.

man in. I retire into the pavilion and prepare for action. Every cricketer carries two pairs of trousers—his fielding pair, which are creased and spotless, and his batting pair, which are crumpled by his leg guards. I change my trousers, buckle on my pads and adjust my "box," a small triangular stomach guard that is strapped under my trousers, and return to my deck chair.

It is an anxious period for me. No one likes going in to bat five minutes before lunch. There is no time to settle down to an innings. As soon as you have, as the phrase is, "got your eye in," it is time to return to the pavilion. You concentrate on not being dismissed. And, since a negative attitude is invariably self-destructive, you very often are. It is depressing to sit down to lunch with your innings over and no runs in the score book against your name. You pray that another wicket will not fall. It is a great relief when finally lunch is signaled.

There are those who maintain that a cricket lunch is the *raison d'être* of cricket, and it is a thesis that can be defended. Not that you enjoy a Lucullan banquet: you are served veal and ham pie, or perhaps what the French call an *assiette anglaise*, with lettuce and potato salad, followed by a fruit tart and cheese, and washed down by the warm draught beer that really does manage to taste good in England. No, it is in no sense a banquet, but it is a very gay occasion. The two teams mix together at the table, since most of the players know each other. They have long stores of gossip and reminiscences they can draw upon. The talk is animated and uncontentious. It is punctuated with bursts of laughter. Time passes quickly, and at 10 past 2 the captains need to remind their teams that play will be starting in five minutes. Once again I buckle on my pads.

At this point, though I have been on the field three hours, I have taken no exercise whatsoever, and so far as the conduct of the game is concerned I might just as well have been in my flat in Chelsea.

The remainder of the afternoon will be admittedly more athletic. I shall have my innings at the wicket. Before I go in, I shall receive from my captain instructions whose nature will depend on the state of the score sheet

continued

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and the position of the clock. He may say, "Alec, we need runs quickly, chance your arm," or he may say, "Whatever you do, stay in. We don't want to have the other side batting for an hour yet." But whatever the instructions, I am as likely to be dismissed by the first ball as I am to make the 25 runs that were asked of me. How many times have I traveled a hundred miles to receive a single and fatal ball.

But, anyhow, whether I am out first ball or survive at the wickets for half an hour, by half past 3 I shall be out on the grass as a fieldsman, and there I shall remain, except for a 20-minute interval for tea, until half past 6 or 7. I shall be on the move all the time, chasing and stopping balls. A fly ball may be hit in my direction —and if I hold it, I shall be delighted. I may be given a chance to bowl. In cricket the bowlers are changed frequently. The game may provide an exciting finish, with the last two batsmen at the wickets and 20 runs needed in a quarter of an hour. It may end in easy victory for one side or the other. It may peter out into a draw. But however the game ends and however negligible my personal contribution to the result may be, at five minutes past 7 I shall be back in the bar, quenching my thirst in a tankard of warm beer, and feeling that I have had a thoroughly good day.

I could not have felt that unless I had thoroughly enjoyed the company of my fellow players, and that includes, in equal measure, that of my opponents. Of the nearly eight hours that I had spent upon the field, five would have passed inactively in conversation. To me it is the most fascinating game, but I should never have played it after I left school, where it was compulsory, unless I had genuinely enjoyed the company of the men with whom I played it.

I have described the average day of a club cricketer, but in a sense that is not an average day at all, for I have described it in terms of sunlight with deck chairs set out under the shade of trees. Such days are not too frequent in an English summer. On how many mornings as I left my flat have I looked up apprehensively at a gray, bleak sky. How often as a fieldsman have I shivered in a sweater, with numb fingers. How often have I

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scampered to the pavilion as a storm swept across the ground. How many hours have I spent huddled in a great-coat, listening to the patter of rain on corrugated iron.

It might at a first glance seem extraordinary that a game like cricket should have been invented in a country with such a capricious summer climate. The game has proved very popular in the British Colonies and the Dominions, in Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, the West Indies, but those are countries in which summer really is a summer. Only a handful of International cricket matches have been finished at Manchester over the past 10 years. There is only one explanation for the English love of cricket: it is that cricketers genuinely like each other and enjoy spending hours on end in each other's company.

I have played cricket with many hundreds of men and I have only once or twice met a cricketer whom I did not like. Cricket is a game in which the player is subjected to infinite disappointment. His day may be ruined by bad weather. He may have no personal success. He may either be out first ball or not get an innings. He may not be put on to bowl or if he does he may fail to get a wicket. A fly ball may be hit to him and he may fail to catch it. Usually when you miss a catch it means that you get the wrong part of your hand to the ball, and when that happens your hand is hurt. Yet, at the end of such a day, you return home thoroughly satisfied with your excursion. If you do not feel that, then you are not the right person to play cricket. And, in point of fact, you will soon cease playing it.

Looking back over 30 years of club cricket, I remember most gratefully not the exciting finishes, nor the afternoons of personal success, but the friendships that I made through it. Cricket provides the perfect setting for building friendships; it provides leisure, which is so rare in modern life. I have heard it said that men rarely make friends after they leave college. They are too busy. They have only time for business associates on a short-term basis. That is not true of cricketers. Between the wars I made some of my best friends on the cricket field, and though I have retired from club cricket I see them still. Yes, that truly is the point of cricket: the men you play it with **END**

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